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LEO XIII., HIS WORK AND INFLUENCE.

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I.

Two American papers, the *Pioneer Press,* of St. Paul, and the *Tribune,* of Chicago, both bearing the date, July 20th, 1903, the day following the death of Leo XIII., are upon my table. They are, each in its manner, illustrations of the spirit and the tone of the whole American press of the same date. The *Pioneer Press* places over its editorial article on Leo the caption, "The World's Loss." The *Tribune* honors his memory by wearing upon its first page a symbolical impress—the globe cinctured in mourning. The American press voiced the thoughts and the sentiments of the American people.

We have witnessed an extraordinary, unparalleled occurrence. He who was dead had lived and wrought in a foreign and remote land. He had been the head of a Church to which the very large

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majority of the population refuse allegiance, to which the great number professed in the near past, if they do not profess to-day, positive opposition. Yet, as the electric flash speeds across the continent announcing that Leo XIII. is no longer among the living, all are startled and break forth into a universal chorus of sorrow and praise. The President of the Republic wires across the Atlantic noble words of condolence. A former President of the Republic, judges of the Supreme Court, statesmen, scholars, men of affairs, speak reverent eulogy. Cities and universities lower their flags to half-mast. Protestant ministers in their temples and Jewish rabbis in their synagogues give out tribute of speech and heart. America mourns Leo.

And what we have witnessed in our land, other peoples were witnessing in theirs. Tzars and Kaisers, rulers of monarchies and presidents of republics, told their regrets, and the multitudes responded in sincere and sorrowful echo. It was not a country mourning an illustrious representative: it was not a Church mourning a Supreme Pontiff: it was humanity mourning a great and good man.

For humanity's sake, note must be taken, and remembrance kept, of what occurred on the death of Leo XIII. The universal tribute of sorrow and praise which this death evoked, honors our common humanity and our common civilization. It was a wondrous manifestation of humanity's high-mindedness and generosity, of the exalted elevation of soul to which it attains more particularly in these modern days. Differ men do, differ they will, in many of the matters affecting their manner of thinking and of living. Differ they do, assuredly, in religious belief and conduct. Nevertheless, they are mindful of their mutual brotherhood, of their mutual membership in the great human family; and they are capable of rising above lines of separateness to acknowledge that richness of gifts in one is the inheritance of all, to be cherished and admired by all.

The third day of March, 1878, Joachim Pecci, until then Archbishop of Perugia, was elected into the Roman Pontificate. Leo XIII. was before the world, upon the highest pedestal, from which, for the next twenty-five years, he was to teach and work for the Church and humanity.

It is, indeed, a sublime position into which the Roman Pontiff is lifted. There is given to greatness no other such opportunity.

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The field opened to the Roman Pontiff is the world. His immediate subjects, the soldiers of his cause, approach in numbers three hundred millions. His interests and duties of office draw to him nearly all human interests. Nearly all the innumerable intellectual and social problems vexing men are before him for thought and solution. Arms of power the most potent, the most far-reaching, are in his hands, the immortal arms of truth, justice, and charity. And around him, such as nowhere else, there surge inspirations making for greater things—whether it be from the faith within him that he has in hand the keys of Christ's Kingdom, whether it be from the memories of illustrious predecessors, who in one age or another so wrought that the history of their times was knitted into their history and their names set ineffaceably on humanity's scroll of glory.

Let it not be said, however, that the position creates greatness: it reveals greatness, if greatness is there, as it reveals littleness—and with a vengeance—if littleness is there.

Then, in the lifetime of the Roman Pontificate, periods do occur when he who guides for the moment its destinies is tested to the inmost chords of the soul, and menaced with signal failure, unless there belong to him vision of mind and force of character, wisdom, and power, such as are rarely accorded to the workers of history. And one of these crucial periods stood out, in exacting fury, before Leo as he stepped upon the pontifical throne.

The nineteenth century, humanity's new age, had risen high on the horizon. We know the bold promises of the age, and the bolder menaces. The past was to be no more; a new world was to be born. Everywhere there was revolution—in science and in history, in civil society and in religious creeds. Not all, of course, was wrong in the age. There were worthiest discoveries and inventions, due to its audacious industry: there were ambitions and aspirations most legitimate, awakened by its strugglings and its dreams. But it had its excesses and extravagances. It was impatient of measure: it courted extremes. It declared the past to be its special enemy. The Catholic Church represented the past, as no other existing institution wished to do, or could pretend to do: and so the age in malicious intent turned its search-light upon the Church, wishing to find in it an incurable to be relegated into obscurity, if not removed altogether from the living world. There was war to the death between the age and the Church.

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The early action of the Church, as is natural in a conservative organism conscious of its inborn strength, had been to recoil upon itself, and gather its energies more closely around its olden landmarks, sternly refusing a parley, under flag of truce, with the advancing enemy. In the encyclicals of Gregory and of Pius, notably in the "Syllabus," it hurled against the age its doctrinal definitions: but showed no willingness to discuss its programme, and inquire what the age really sought—whether it held in all cases for new principles, as for new forms, or whether in some at least it demanded only new forms, which, perhaps, might be but the normal vesture of olden principles in new seasons and situations. Those tactics of the Church had stirred the age into fresher anger, and infused into the battle fiercer passion.

In its hatred of the Church, the age was reinforced in non-Catholic countries by sectarian prejudices, survivals of animosities of former generations. In those countries, to the minds of the many, the Church was still the foe and perverter of the Scriptures, and its Pope, if not the anti-Christ, was at least a fair image of the apocalyptic monster.

There was, too, the war of nations against the Church, at the time of Leo's election. For one reason or another, the relations between Rome and the governments of Europe were most unfriendly. It was mistrust and aversion, when it was not open warfare. In Germany, the *Kulturkampf* was raging; and the conqueror of Sedan, it was proclaimed, was not a Henry IV. to betake himself to "Canossa." Russia was driving with the bayonet its Uniate subjects into its jails or its schism. In France, Catholics were in discord with the Republic, and the Republic in discord with Catholics. In Spain, the Church, the ally now of Carlists, now of Alphonsists, was rent in pieces, and in serious danger of losing its peace and vigor. Little Switzerland had to be in the fashion, and, in defence of a new schism draping itself in the name of "Old-Catholicism," was, in its way, hurling defiance across the Alps. Austria, even, however loyal to Rome its Emperor might be, was permitting the virus of Josephism to permeate its parliaments, and what at any moment it might say or do against its historic Church, no one could tell. In Italy, the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel had crossed the Tiber, and shattered with cannons Rome's imperial wall. The Pontiff had been declared by Italian law the subject of the Italian government.

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The loss of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy seemed the climax of tendencies and events hastening the Church to its doom. It was taken to indicate that Heaven, no less than earth, was abandoning the Church. The temporal power, it had been thought and said, was the one prop that still upheld the tottering columns of the Papacy, the one mantle that shielded from the world's gaze its decrepit bastions; and now the temporal power was gone!

Catholics were dismayed. Their faith taught them that, however high ocean's billows rise, Peter's bark can never be sunken beyond recovery. But, for the moment, the storm raged so violently, they stood aghast; what to do, whither to turn, they knew not. Patient inactivity was the doctrine of many; these simply folded their hands and waited. To others, the combat was still the duty of the hour; but it was the combat that fastened them to the enclosures of their citadels, and forbade incursions into the territory of the enemy; it was the combat with affirmations and anathemas, rather than arguments and conciliation. The times were solemn. A French writer, Vicomte de Vogué, with the full import of the times upon his mind, assisted in the Sistine Chapel at the ceremonies attending the coronation of Leo. He wrote:

"The darkness of the place, the limited company, the air of effacement and almost mystery—everything led our thoughts back to the first enthronement of Popes in the Catacombs. Pius IX. had left an abounding fame and a great void: the despoiled Papacy seemed to have been engulfed with him. The heir without a heritage who was shown to us had a look of weakness, and his title to renown was still discussed. His coronation seemed a *simulacrum* of vanished realities, the elevation of a phantom. And these were the years when the shadow of the cross on the world was growing less."

Such the Church, such the world, when Leo became Pontiff. To have been a great Pontiff, he must needs have had within him the elements of greatness; he must needs have accomplished great things during his pontificate.

A man Leo was, rare among men. With Leo on her scroll, Italy may well resume her Virgilian boast: "The mighty mother of men!" Knowing Leo, the poet of Avon would have sung: "The senate-house of planets all did sit, to knit in (him) their best perfections."

What dominated in Leo was mind. Such a mind as Leo's was —so lofty, so far-reaching in range, so piercing in its glance

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through details, so rapid in its flight to the kernel of the problem, and thence at once to its solution! I marvel now, as I recall my audiences with Leo. He would talk: he would give free current to the floods of light within him. And, as he talked, as he discoursed of Church and nations, of present and future ages, of high destinies and ambitions, I felt like one sitting at the feet of a Scriptural prophet, and in wonderment I would exclaim to myself: What a great thing a great mind is! Once, elsewhere in Europe, I was in presence of a mind that seemed an image of Leo's—not resplendent as Leo's mind, but yet an image of it: it was when I sat near Manning in Westminster.

The quick, piercing penetration of Leo's mind! This was of immense value in his work; it explains how he was able to accomplish so much in his quarter-century. I have in my memory questions most complicated—hopelessly so, it would have seemed, for one forced to view them from a distance and outside their local circumstances. Officials of high renown had been struggling over them—and in vain. A brief exposition was made to Leo: soon the matter was clear, and the answer given in terse, comprehensive formula. "You wish your matter to be quickly understood," said to me once Cardinal Satolli; "then speak with Leo."

It was a mind stored with knowledge, refined and elevated by careful culture. The long years of retirement amid the hills and vales of Umbria had been put to profit. Not only had Leo, as was demanded of him by his sacred profession, given deep and continuous attention to philosophy and theology: he had, also, roamed long and extensively through fields of history and literature, of science and sociology, of law and diplomatics. His reading, too, had kept full pace with the movements of modern thought and investigation. Privileged to converse with Leo, the prelate and the diplomat, the traveller and the scholar, found him awaiting them on their ground, familiar with their studies. His encyclicals are evidences of deep learning, as they are of exquisite literary form. And Leo's innocent sports of his leisure hours, pursued into the very shadows of death, his Latin poems, are revelations of his beauty of expression and richness of thought, as they are of his sweetness of soul and of the rhythmic melodies of his whole career. Leo loved poetry and poets: noble minds are poetic by nature. One of the last books, the wires told us, upon which he rested his fingers, wan already and cold from deathly

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illness, was the *Ars Poetica* of Horace. During his lifetime his favorite poet had been Dante. He ordered to be printed, under his personal supervision, a magnificent edition of the Italian master of song. Charles A. Dana told how he had prepared himself for an audience with Leo by an attentive rehearsal of some Dantean passages. As occasion offered during the audience, Dana gave voice, now to one, now to another, of those passages: but, to his surprise and discomfiture, whenever his memory brought him to a pause, Leo would repeat the subsequent verses, with manifest readiness for continuous indefinite quotation. With all he knew, Leo sought to know more. He was a reader and a student amid the onerous occupations of the Pontificate. I heard from his lips that, in the preparation of his encyclical on Labor, he had read extensively books, reviews, and reports of congresses. And I love at this moment to conjure up his figure, as once I saw it, an evening after dark, before a small square table, over which rose the glimmering rays of two waxen tapers, elbows resting heavily on the table, head sunken into the outstretched palms, eyes unspectacled, burying his gaze into Italian and French papers of latest date. He learned much from those whom he admitted to audiences. He was inquisitive; he put leading questions, and he soon knew what his visitors knew. It was no trifling task to satisfy him. One of my hardest experiences with Leo was when I was asked to tell him in brief summary the exact radical difference between our two American political parties, the Republican and the Democratic. What Leo once knew, he always knew. His memory was marvellous in its retentiveness. In one of my audiences with him I was astounded to hear him recall with startling vividness incidents of a previous audience seven years past—incidents that I had totally forgotten, until reminded of them, in this manner.

With a great mind there was in Leo a great heart. His office was that of the shepherd, the father: in it there was needed that tenderness of soul which responds to every human suffering, and pours into every human wound the balm of its unction. It was plainly to be remarked in Leo, that heart was subservient to mind, and was ever held under the control of the superior faculty: otherwise, his heart was as wide of range as was the mind, and as quick to throb as the mind was quick to see. It was with a genuine feeling of compassion, and a deep joyousness begotten of

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his sense of power to bring succor, that he stepped into the field of action, whenever an ill of humanity was to be relieved. An appeal to him, in the name of human woe, whencesoever it came, obtained an attentive ear. Lines of social class or religious communion, frontiers of race or nationality, never limited the flow of his love. His writings in behalf of labor, his fruitful intervention in Brazil for the abolition of slavery, his tenacious co-operation with Lavigerie to protect the blacks of Africa were the native effusions of his broad humanitarianism of heart, as, also, his thousand and one smaller acts of kindness and amiability reflected its quieter and softer beatings. Those who had at any time the privilege of an audience, private or public, with Leo, can tell of his sweetness of temper and graciousness of manner, as of his exquisite tact and practical judgment. On one occasion, I obtained an audience for a well-known Presbyterian minister and his wife. The audience over, they hurried to my hotel, faces suffused with abundant tears, to tell me that the delight of their visit to the Vatican was unforgetable. I heard of another Protestant clergyman saying that his remembrance of Leo was as the remembrance of a living image of Christ.

Leo's wonderful tact! It was mind and heart combined. It showed itself in smaller realms of action. It showed itself in larger realms. In these latter, tact is statesmanship. Leo was the statesman of the last half-century, a period by no means poor in statesmanship. It was the time of Crispi, Thiers, Gladstone, Bismarck. Leo surpassed all of them in mental grandeur, as he surpassed them in the magnitude of his sphere of action, and the success following upon his labors. Leo studied men and situations. He bided his time; the opportunity at hand, he never failed to grasp it. He had long watched the growth of conditions, fostering them meanwhile with consummate prudence. The psychological moment arriving, he acted instantly. It was the publication of an encyclical, or the establishment of an apostolic delegation; it was the institution of a religious work, or an appeal to sovereigns and potentates; whatever it was, Leo had chosen for it the propitious time and place, and success was assured. The statesman had been at work. Little in Leo's career happened by accident; nothing from the impulse of the moment. He was not the man to move with currents, and grasp only the fortunes that passing events or self-made conditions cast into his

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hands. He was the far-seeing, patient worker: his pontificate was the creation of his genius.

It is a true and significant definition of Leo, as Pontiff, to say that in a marked manner he was a conscious worker. This was one of his very singular characteristics. It goes far to explain Leo's career. He was conscious throughout—conscious of the gifts within him, conscious of the grandeur of the mission confided to him, conscious of the power wrapt up in his office, conscious of the opportunities brought to him. And conscious thus, he was nobly ambitious. He had resolved that his should be a great pontificate. The pontificates of history—those of Leo I., Gregory VII., Innocent III., Pius V., were before his mind: his own, so far as it depended on him, was to be as theirs. They had served the Church with exceptional glory: he would serve it in like manner. The picture of his pontificate, as he desired it to be, tempted ever his pencil. The occasion present, he colored deliberately the canvas: the occasion absent, he as deliberately wrought to draw it nigh. He kept his energies in persistent play. The canvas he had placed on the easel was to be filled out: and filled out it was when he was bidden to his rest.

It is impossible to have studied Leo, or conversed long with him, without realizing how completely he was identified with his office. He grew into its attributes and prerogatives. The man Leo scarcely existed: it was the Pontiff of Rome. The sense of the immensity of his office was upon him: its hopes and its darings were his hopes and darings: its powers, he felt, had passed into his soul: he partook, as it were, of its eternity. To the last, Leo would propose and plan, as one buoyant of youth, as if years did not count. It was the office that was proposing and planning—that office whose views are long, very long, extending into the far generations of the future. Surprise has been expressed that, during his last illness, Leo delighted in reading and hearing what the world was saying about him. In this he was Leo. He had had a work to do: he wished to see how it had been done. He was reviewing, not himself, but his pontificate.

Only a rapid review is here possible of Leo's work.

He made peace with governments. He brought to a close the *Kulturkampf* in Germany. The manifest fair-mindedness of his proposals, the sweetness with which they were made, the skilled handling of the Catholic forces in Germany so as to

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strengthen the government in its battlings with internal perils, made captive Emperor and minister, and secured the repeal of the Falk laws and the generous restoration to the Church of its liberties and prerogatives. He opened the way for reconciliation between the Church and the Republic in France. Catholics in France held so fast to the traditional doctrine of "the throne and the altar," and sought so zealously to make religion a shield for their loyalty to monarchy, that pretext was given to the government to treat the Church as an enemy. Leo startled the country with the proclamation of the doctrine, apparently new to France, however old it was to Catholic theology, that forms of government are matters of indifference to the Church, that the legitimate form to which respect and obedience are due is that which is willed by the people. Henceforward, whatever happens in France, the Church, as such, cannot be traduced as the enemy of the country or of republican liberties. Action somewhat similar to that taken in France was taken also in Spain. There the Carlists were forbidden to claim as their own the support of Catholics, and peace was won to country and to Church. Prudent and long-continued negotiations obtained liberty for Catholics in Russia. The gratitude of England was secured by Leo's settlement of perplexing questions in Malta. His tactful interference in Ireland, condemning measures that went clearly beyond the bounds of justice and charity, while recognizing the substantial justice of Irish claims, gave comfort and satisfaction both to England and to Ireland. The skill of Leo's nuncios smoothed away difficulties in Austria, Switzerland, and Holland. Even Mohammedan Turkey and pagan China were drawn into relations with Leo, and made under his gentle pressure to grant serious advantages to the Church. Meanwhile, Leo's encyclicals, rapidly following one upon another, had brought out the Church as the stable support of civil society, of legitimate authority in rulers, of legitimate liberty in subjects; and governments and peoples who hitherto had held it in suspicion, now looked to it for help in their battlings for social order. Nations learned that their truest friend and supporter was the Pontiff of Rome: rulers sought his friendship and alliance. The presence in the Vatican of Germany's Emperor and of England's King, a few months ago, spoke volumes in praise of Leo, as the Pontiff of peace.

Peace with civil governments was Leo's settled policy. Noth-

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ing, save the peril of violating principle, could stop him short in his efforts to make or to preserve peace. Compromise, conciliation, silent patience—all this, he thought, was better far than war, and would in the end secure to the Church advantages which war never could have yielded. Experience proves that Leo was right. And as he did on the throne of Peter, so he taught Catholics to do in their several countries, in their relations with their several governments, to love and foster peace. "The Church," he said to myself, on a memorable occasion, "will not flourish where Catholics are in discord with the country and its institutions. Teach your people to be faithful Americans."

Leo was the Pontiff of the age. "Hands off" had been the cry of the age to the Church and of the Church to the age. To the age, the Church was the crystallized and immovable past; to the Church, the age stood for revolution and ruin, for the demolition of all structures bearing on their frontispiece marks of other times. There was no room for explanation, none for negotiation, so wildly did war rage. Leo understood the Church, and he understood the age. He had the poise of mind—so rare in men—to make distinctions, to see in the age what was good, no less than what was evil, to see in the Church what was contingent and accidental, no less than what was necessary and permanent. He had, too, the good-will and practical wisdom which make for so much in efforts towards pacification. And, so armed, he faced the age. He entered intrepidly into its own arenas, spoke its language, and grasped in hand its fetiches. What did it demand? New forms of civil government, the recognition of political rights of the people? In those matters his letter to French Catholics was a sweeping concession. Freedom from servitude for the weak and the oppressed? His encyclicals on labor put Leo in the forefront of social reformers and philanthropists. The betterment of physical and material conditions, progress in all that elevates humanity to higher planes of comfort and social happiness? For all this Leo gives unstinted praise to the age. To him the age is "the noble nurse of all the arts"; and with its most fervent admirers he chants "its contributions to the public weal, its rich discoveries of nature's secrets." The growth of intelligence, the diffusion of learning? The schools and universities founded or blessed by Leo, his multiplied epistles on education, give irrecusable proof that the Church is the foe of ignorance, the friend

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of science and of research. The Church had been accused of cowardice in the presence of the age. The reproach was loudly made that it hid itself in darkness, dreading the glare of modern search-lights. Leo unlocked the doors of the Vatican Library, and delivered to all comers the whole story of the Church, fearing nothing, proclaiming that if the Church is not founded on truth, it has no right to the allegiance of men. With similar courage and confidence he summoned into counsel, at a later date, his expert Scriptural scholars, and ordered them to look straight into the face of all discoveries, of all argumentations, upon which unbelieving criticism was upbuilding itself, and vindicate the Bible on the chosen ground of its opponents.

The age was startled. Leo had won its attention. He was now in a position to speak boldly of its errors, of the excesses and extravagances to which it was prone to lend itself, and in the name of its cherished revindications to bid it look carefully to its movements, lest wreckage and ruin overtake it.

Leo loved to write encyclicals. He was a teacher: and as such he was not to be faithless to his mandate. The several volumes into which his encyclicals have been collected form a complete exposition of the questions of the day from the standpoint of historic Christianity and sane philosophy. They are delightfully free from all tone of bitterness, from all exaggeration in thought and word, and are models of purest and classical Latinity. Not alone the dogmas of the Church and the fundamental facts of Christianity form the subject matter: the vital principles which assure the security of the family and of society, the laws of justice and of charity which render possible the relations of men with men, of nations with nations, are treated there, no less with the skill of the trained student of sociology and political economy, than with the authority of the Christian teacher.

Leo was too modern to confine himself as a teacher to the more official methods of the Roman Pontificate. He was too modern not to value the power of the newspaper. The *Moniteur de Rome* was of his own foundation. For a long time, it was owned, controlled, and inspired by him. At one time or another of his pontificate, several other papers were brought more or less into his personal service. The first public announcement of his French policy was made in a historic "interview" with a reporter from the *Petit Journal* of Paris.

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Leo's labors on behalf of the Catholic Church were varied and abundant. The spiritual and devotional life of the faithful was fostered: the working organism of the Pontificate, invigorated and freshened; the missionary expansion of the Church, stimulated and directed; the education of laity and of clergy, developed and raised to the requirements of the times. There is not a single country of the globe which, now or again, did not receive his particular attention according to its special needs and workings. He could not let himself be at rest. The intervals were brief when he was not heard from. His continued effort was to speed life through the whole body of the Church. He had imperial views regarding the government of the Church, in sequence of which he scattered over the several countries his apostolic delegates, through whose agency he was to be better informed of happenings, better enabled to hold in his hands the reins of direction.

But the frontiers of the Church never limited Leo's action. Wherever there was good to be done, wherever humanity was to be advanced, there he saw work to be done for the Master, and at once he set himself to do it. Slaves were to be liberated in Brazil. Leo wrote urgently to the hierarchy and to the Emperor, Dom Pedro: and in special tribute to Leo, on one of his jubilee days, universal emancipation was proclaimed. The cruel trade in black men by the Mohammedans of Africa was to be repressed. Leo set Lavigerie to work: all Europe was awakened; and, if the trade was not forever ended, it was immensely minimized. Soldiers of Italy were prisoners of war in Abyssinia: Leo's intercession with King Menelik saved them from being massacred. He corresponded with William of Germany regarding the Berlin Congress on labor, with Nicholas of Russia regarding the Hague Conference on arbitration and peace. His letter to Mr. Bryan and to Mrs. Honore Palmer in favor of the Chicago World's Fair, and the rich historic exhibit sent to it from the Vatican, proved his interest in all such matters as World's Fairs are made of. How beneficial to learning, secular as well as sacred, was his opening of the archives of the Vatican Library, scholars never tire of telling.

As an example of Leo's ever-willing philanthropy, I quote an incident known but to a few outside myself. I was in Rome in 1887. At that time in Russia an imperial ukase was compelling the hasty withdrawal of Jews from provinces of the empire out-

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side what was known as the Jewish zone. It was very important for those Russian Jews to obtain a delay in the enforcement of the ukase, so that they might have time to make better preparation for their removal to new homes. Jewish leaders in England and America took the question in hand. It was decided that Mr. Jesse Seligman, of New York, should in his own name and that of Baron Hirsch seek the intercession of Leo with the government of the Tzar. Mr. Seligman arrived in Rome, but knew not how he could see the Pope. He called on me at the American College. I consulted with Cardinal Rampolla. The Cardinal brought the matter before the Holy Father, and received the order to see Mr. Seligman and enter, as far as it was possible, into his views. Mr. Seligman was delighted with his visit to the Cardinal, as was the Cardinal with his interview with Mr. Seligman. I heard directly from the Cardinal that the Holy Father had given his most gracious consideration to Mr. Seligman's request, and had so far acceded to it as to petition the Russian government through its *chargé d'affaires* in Rome for the desired delay in the enforcement of the ukase. Leo was the Pontiff of humanity.

Some day a long chapter will be written on Leo and America —his appreciative understanding of our institutions and liberties, his genial love of the country and its people, his wise and large-minded directions to the Church in America, his friendliness of attitude, in more than one instance, towards national affairs. Better pass over such matters than give of them a too brief account. Suffice it to say that in all his relations with America or Americans, Leo was Leo throughout—the large-minded, the large-hearted Pontiff; and that the very special esteem he always had for America and its institutions arose from his deep comprehension of the modern age, exemplified he believed to a degree in America. Speaking of America, he would say with manifest admiration, "*L'avvenire*"—"The Future."

As Leo was passing away, affairs of Church and state in France were in such turbulent condition that the question is raised, whether his French policy had been wisely formulated, whether in this at least he had not failed in conspicuous statesmanship. The answer is easy. In his letter to the Catholics of France, Leo obeyed the duty of the hour. He decided a moral question. The Republic was the established form of government: it was the result of the will of the majority of the nation. There-

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fore it was the moral duty of the Catholics to accept the Republic, and work loyally with it for the weal of the country. Again, religion was suffering in France, because the anti-republican elements in the population were so bent on covering their monarchistic and imperialistic sentiments and hopes with the mantle of the Church, that the government of the Republic was led to see in the Church a political enemy. It was Leo's part to speak for the Church, to make clear that it linked itself to no one form of government, but left altogether to the people to choose the form that pleased them best. The duty of the hour for Leo was to proclaim the principles of truth and justice. What might follow, what did follow, was then, as it now is, a secondary question. Leo did his duty: history will vindicate him. As to what has, in fact, followed, Catholics in France must take to themselves their share of the blame. To his last day, Leo exhorted them by voice and by letter to obey his injunctions. A large number did obey: but, it is undeniable history, a very large number did not obey. What would have happened if the rally to Leo's policy had been more general? In that case, I believe, the allies of religion in France would not to-day be excluded, as they are, from the management of public affairs: in that case, even if iniquitous laws were still put on the statute-books, the framers of such laws would not dare appeal, as they do, to the popular vote in the name of an imperilled Republic. Leo's French policy was both statesmanship and religion: it still points the road to religion and social peace in France.

Nor did Leo before his death see peace established between the Church and the Italian government. Is this a failure for Leo? The old question of the political independence of the Holy See confronts us. Leo believed in this independence. His overpowering sense of the majesty of his office, and of its world-wide supernational range of duty, forbade him to admit that he, the World-Pontiff, was the subject of one of the potentates over whom his spiritual authority rose in equal proportion. To be the subject of Italy while he was dealing, for instance, with France, he could not endure. He held to a principle; and he would hold to it, he said, unto martyrdom. It is asserted at times that the absence of temporal independence contributed to the prestige of the Pontificate under Leo. He himself did not believe this. If success attended his pontificate, he would say, it was despite the

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loss of temporal independence. Indeed, he would add, practically the Holy See had not lost its independence, as through his continuous protests against the Italian government, he had, in the eyes of the world, retained it intact. But a situation sustained only through protests is abnormal and not made to endure.

The momentous question remains, though Leo is gone. Italy, the historic home of the Papacy, owes to the Church and to the world a solution of this question. In what precise form the solution might come, we need not discuss. A solution is required. But it was no fault in Leo that the question is unsettled.

Leo's pontificate is before the world. The world's mourning, at Leo's death, is the world's judgment upon his pontificate.

Catholics, surely, have reason to acclaim Leo. They remember the situation of the Church and the Papacy in 1878; they see what it is in 1903. They need not hold that no other elements, outside Leo's personality, were at work, contributing to the change. There were the co-laborers of Leo in Rome, and in the world at large. There was the age itself—its earnestness in research of causes leading to the weal of mankind, and its willingness, in the midst of many aberrations, to recognize facts and principles, when properly presented to its gaze. But Leo rose above all co-laborers to an eminence that leaves them at his feet, while he touches the skies: and, more than can be easily told, they were debtors to Leo for their ideas and their purposes. Whatever the help given to him from the age, Leo himself had provoked it; whatever the fair-mindedness and spirit of justice in the age, Leo himself had done much to stimulate and develop it. There was, too, with Leo, Catholics believe, the assistance of Providence. But, here again, Providence, in taking human agents into its employ, leaves in full play their will and talents, and usually measures its own graces to their disposition and action. As never before in modern times, the Church has the friendliness of the world, and is known in its proper stature and power, and recognized as the promoter of personal righteousness, the support of the family and of society, the defender of Christ and His Gospel. For this, Catholics must thank Leo.

But great humanity outside the Catholic Church—why its love and admiration for Leo? Leo was pre-eminently a great and good man. Greatness and goodness anywhere, our whole humanity is graced with beauty and dignity; our whole humanity is

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elevated in its possibilities and its aspirations. Leo worked for his Church. But he worked for it with methods that honor and teach humanity. Only with the arms of truth, justice, and love did Leo seek to serve it. If such arms did not lead it to victory, Leo sought no victory: if they did, humanity would not complain. Leo worked for the Church: but, in doing so, he believed that he was working for humanity. He held that the Church does not deserve the Master's smile, unless it serves humanity. His unrelenting effort was to bring into plainest perspective the power born within the Church to purify and uplift humanity, to cure its ills, to sweeten its passage across earth, while drawing it toward Heaven, its final home. As we have seen, Leo loved humanity for its own sake, and worked for it outside the frontiers of his Church. A brother-man was his Master's child. Black, yellow, or white—heathen, Jew, Christian, non-Catholic, or Catholic—Leo recognized the brother and served him. The world is the better, the richer, the happier: men are drawn nearer to one another; they are prompted to higher flights of righteousness and charity, because Leo has lived. The world in mourning at his death was a well-merited tribute—an honor to Leo, an honor to the world.

JOHN IRELAND.

II.

IT has fallen to but few occupants of the Papal throne to win and retain such common and affectionate regard as was the happy experience of Leo XIII., whose recent peaceful but heroic death has arrested universal attention. The biographies of the several Popes of Rome have not formed an uninterrupted series of panegyrics. There have been those among them who were condemned for their notorious evil living. Others have been excommunicated practically for their heterodoxy in theology. Others again have escaped any particular censure as to either of these causes, without, however, exciting any especial admiration or reverence.

That Leo attained to his remarkable eminence is, no doubt, due in part to his unusually prolonged tenure of office. Had some other Popes ruled as long, and had, therefore, such opportunities as time alone affords of justifying by events the wisdom of their policy, they might have been more successful in securing general commendation.

It may charitably be doubted whether those who, in February, 1878, elected so hastily a man nearly seventy years of age, and of

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known physical frailty, anticipated for him anything like so long a pontificate, or one of the character which it eventually became. Leo XIII. reversed the policy of his predecessor quite as completely as Pius IX. had reversed that of his predecessor, Gregory XVI. Thus, at the outset, he alienated those who were blindly in love with the more belligerent spirit that, as a rule, animated Pius IX. He evidently had counted the cost of such a change in policy; but, allied to his innate desire for peace, he appears to have had an implicit confidence in his powers of diplomacy, in which he had been for many years trained and tried.

He was by no means a political trickster. Doubtless, his main desire was to advance the interests of the Church to which he belonged, and in whose supreme claims to universal recognition he so ardently believed. It is by no means sure that his subtle and unquarrelsome diplomacy has in some quarters—notably in France and Austria—inured to the benefit of the Roman Church, or to the cause of religion in general. Certain it is that, during his Papacy, thousands of his adherents went into the Orthodox Communion, which now holds almost undisputed sway in some parts of the East, where Rome in modern times has been a formidable rival. Some of these losses may have resulted from his intense belief in the divine order of the civil power, and from his earnest desire to establish and maintain friendly relations with its chief representatives. This desire was, in part, realized as to Germany. But he did not succeed in France, nor in Spain or Italy. His language as to France—at one time so favorite and so loyal a daughter of the Roman Church—was latterly tinged with a tone of melancholy and disappointment.

Indeed, it would appear that, with all his recognized yearning for unity and concord, he failed to reconcile Papacy with the spirit of the age, or to remove any of the difficulties which deter those that are not of the Latin races from embracing the distinctive dogmas for which he pre-eminently stood.

He does not appear to have maintained that his Communion was to be considered as exclusively forming the Christian Church. In a way, he recognized the character of the Churches separated from his own See. He was even, after a manner, generous in what he said about Reunion in his Jubilee Encyclical in 1894. In his Letter Apostolic *Ad Anglos* of 1895, he was not so generous. He drew a distinction between the Greek Communion—

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which, however, had rather indignantly rejected his overtures of the previous year—and the Anglican Communion. He studiously avoided any formal recognition of the latter's existence; all the more so, I suppose, because then he was known to be studying anew the question as to the validity of Anglican orders.

It will not, I trust, be considered improper in me to say, in this connection, that the decision which he finally reached upon this subject was a severe blow to his own avowed desire for Reunion. It is believed by some that he really wished to give a different answer; that is, one in favor of such validity. But the conservative elements in the Curia were too strong for him.

He himself was mistaken as to the interest which English Churchmen were taking, and this altogether unofficially, in the controversy. He evidently thought that they were seeking from him an authoritative answer to the one chief doubt that was preventing their secession from the Church of England. He was, therefore, not a little disappointed, it is believed, when there was no visible realization of his hopeful anticipations.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York in their scholarly and charitable encyclical, issued about this same time, furnished an unanswerable argument as to the thorough validity of Anglican orders, as also concerning in general the historic continuity of the Church of England. In kindly and dignified terms, they further expressed the utter indifference of those possessing these orders as to any adverse opinion of them that might be held by their venerable brother, the Bishop of Rome.

According to the Pope's own reasoning, English orders cannot well be condemned, after the sixteenth century, without by the same process condemning Roman orders before the thirteenth century. This is the serious dilemma in which he has placed the Roman theologians, and the progress of enlightened scholarship only increases the embarrassment of this difficulty.

His failure to recognize the Catholicity of the Anglican Communion, if persisted in by his successors, makes it all the more necessary and likely that the organic reunion of Christendom shall come, in the providence of God, by means, first, of the conjunction of the Anglican and Orthodox Communions, and then of the inevitable concurrence of the Roman Communion.

In one important particular, the popedom of Leo XIII. was more conclusive. I allude to the clearer apprehension of the

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significance of a National Church. He saw plainly enough the folly and injustice of attempting to reduce all Christendom to a Latin or Italian pattern, and his efforts to adapt that which of necessity is fixed and invariable to local conditions and requirements showed more of statesmanship than his ventures in the political world more immediately surrounding him. His attitude towards the United States was always most friendly; and he is credited with such an intimate knowledge of our affairs as gave him, beyond all his predecessors, a distinct and just comprehension of our magnificent possibilities.

Some of us who are Freemasons have had occasion, from time to time, to regret his vehement and indiscriminate denunciation of an order whose principles, as promulgated almost universally, are removed as far as possible from atheism, and which numbers among its members many who are as truly Catholics as any one can claim to be.

No one can help admiring, while one cannot reasonably approve, the tenacity, if not obstinacy, with which Leo cherished the mediæval idea of the temporal sovereignty, at one time so dearly held by his predecessors. And yet, while indulging in the dream of its restoration, it is much to his credit that he maintained a kind of truce with the civil powers of Italy that makes a reasonable compromise between the two contending parties more probable in the future.

The Pope was a voluble writer, and his Latin prose was flexible. Thus it was not difficult in England, America, and elsewhere, to explain away his popular and socialistic utterances when they were taken too seriously. While many of his writings had about them much that was not original, and some were not altogether happy, yet one could readily discern his devout desire to contribute to the solution of grave difficulties, the removal of existing evils, the prevention of others that were impending, and to the general betterment of mankind at large. He may not have understood all the modern problems with which he dealt; but he was not indifferent to their existence and magnitude.

He evidently longed to be considered the Pastor of the world; a desire which, of course, many could respect who did not and could not acknowledge him to be their spiritual ruler. His influence was all the greater because of his being shorn of temporal power. No one, I imagine, among his most devoted adherents

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would contend that he was thereby deprived of any dignity or claim to reverence.

Leo XIII. has been reckoned, by not a few of his eulogists, as among the greatest of all the Popes. Such an estimate is creditable to the magnanimity of the age in which he himself has lived, and lived so conspicuously. If greatness be measured by a virtuous life, by high resolves, and by disinterested devotion, then we may all agree to call him great.

There have been many Bishops of Rome who have been possessed of finer talents and of more extensive learning, and others who have, in even shorter tenures of the office, accomplished more of reform in the Church. But among those who shall stand high in universal esteem for their uprightness and true benevolence, for their compelling sense of responsibility, and for a steady, chivalric maintenance of principle, Leo XIII. is entitled, by the grace of God, to an honorable place in the world's history.

LEIGHTON COLEMAN.

III.

To appraise adequately the work and influence of Leo XIII. we must set the standing of the Romish Church at his accession in contrast with its prestige to-day. A vast and world-wide decline of Papal authority was the legacy which Pius IX. left to his successor. The Vatican had been shorn of its temporal power, and there were many who saw in that humiliation the beginning of the end. The recently promulgated dogma of Papal infallibility had alienated not a few of the faithful. Out of it came the Old Catholic movement, which, for a time, seemed to portend a large falling away. Rome, which had always been regarded as the sacred capital of the Pontiffs and the headquarters of the Pope's temporal dominion, was in possession of the Italian government. Insults to the Catholic faith were abetted and encouraged under the very shadow of St. Peter's. Germany was openly hostile. The republicans of France were taught by leaders like Gambetta to see in clericalism their most dangerous enemy. Russia was more than unfriendly and refused to receive the representative of the Holy See. The Iberian peninsula was filled with insubordination. Relations with most of the Great Powers were strained. All Europe was in a revolutionary mood. Here, the passing of Pius IX. attracted little attention.

But note the change. History records few things more ex-

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traordinary. The quiet, gifted, indomitable Leo lived to see the clouds dispelled by the penetrating light of his own sagacity and genius. He came to his Silver Jubilee to find the spiritual sway of the Papacy restored toward almost every point of the horizon. Even in Italy and France the Church is stronger in moral force to-day than at any time since 1870, while in Great Britain and the United States its growth of influence has been phenomenal. The tolling bells that proclaimed the demise of Pius IX. seemed to be sounding the knell of the Papacy; those that announced the death of Leo XIII. rang with a note of triumph. From the masterful man who was chiefly instrumental in effecting this tremendous reversal of attitude and sentiment, no fair-minded person can withhold his admiration.

I can do little more, within the limits assigned me, than indicate two or three of the directions in which Leo's great work and influence proceeded.

When he became Pope, the most radical and revolutionary theories of society were spreading in Europe. The Powers were uneasy. The adoption of these theories meant the overthrow of existing institutions. Against them, therefore, Leo issued the most vigorous and luminous pronouncements. He saw how they were agitating the people, fomenting discord, promoting irreligion, leading to dangerous license in thought and conduct, and, to counteract their effect, he published to the world his famous encyclical dealing with the social and industrial problem. He sought to produce a better understanding between employers and employed, and appealed to capitalists to deal so justly with labor as to leave neither room nor excuse for the professional agitator. Socialism, communism, and nihilism, which he classed together, were condemned in unstinted terms. While he sympathized with the poor and hard-pressed and gave his endorsement to labor-unions, invoking in their behalf the protection of the state, he could not condone or tolerate revolutionary methods. His immense and beneficent influence with the masses, the nations were not slow to discern; and, hence, for their own peace and preservation, they deemed it wise to cultivate friendly relations with the Supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church.

Actuated by the same lofty spirit, he pleaded with persuasive eloquence for the sanctity and unity of the marriage relation. He saw the social chaos and ruin that must result from the

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growing laxity of divorce laws and the lowering ideals of holy wedlock, and called upon his people to keep inviolate their Catholic notions of family life. The world cannot thank him too earnestly for his defence of the home; for, as the home is, so will society be.

Still more pronounced were his work and influence in the sphere of politics and statecraft. Recall his notable victory over Bismarck. At the zenith of his power, made extra-imperious by the easy triumph at Sedan, the Iron Chancellor seemed eager to try conclusions with the man on the Tiber. He defied Papal authority, proscribed the Jesuits, gave the state supreme control over all ecclesiastical institutions professing allegiance to the Vatican, and raised the intolerant cry, "No Popery"! He determined to curb the Roman Catholic power in Germany, to make it subordinate to the Empire, and haughtily protested that he would never play the rôle of Henry IV. and go to Canossa; by which he meant, that the proscriptive laws against the Catholics would never be repealed.

But the deep, quiet man in the Vatican bided his time. No one ever knew better how to wait. He had the genius of patience and the gift of foresight. There was no protest, no complaint of injustice or persecution. Leo simply wrote a letter, conveying the Papal blessing, and adroitly appealing to the Chancellor's better nature. The man of granite was conquered by the firm and gracious gentleness of the Pope. Bismarck went to Canossa. Soon the Falk laws were inoperative, dead. Ten years after his accession, Leo had the intense satisfaction of seeing the Papal authority re-established in Germany and most of the religious orders recalled. The incident of the Carolines, in which, at the suggestion of Bismarck himself, the Pope was asked to arbitrate the difficulty between Germany and Spain, shows how completely Berlin and the Vatican were reconciled. The harmony was still further emphasized by the recent journey of the Emperor William to Rome.

Scarcely less noteworthy was the Pope's influence in Great Britain. Denying the validity of Anglican orders, making no concession to Protestantism, he nevertheless managed, on the occasion of Victoria's Jubilee, to introduce a Papal Envoy—the first since the Reformation—to the Court of St. James's, and to re-establish the hierarchy in the land of John Knox. The same

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remarkable cleverness and ability are seen in his dealings with the United States. Without doing violence to American traditions, or arousing the antagonism of a Protestant people, he succeeded in instituting quasi-official relations with the government at Washington. And what a striking illustration of his political sagacity was furnished by his attitude on the Friars Question in the Philippines. By refraining from any defence of the friars, on the one hand, and by giving to American priests the prestige of Papal approval in an American possession, on the other, he added largely to his influence in this Republic. He could scarcely have been more friendly if the people of the United States had been all, or mostly, Roman Catholics.

In the realm of letters and scholarship we find his influence, on the whole, making for breadth and freedom of investigation. To facilitate the search for truth, he gave unrestricted access to the art and historical treasures of the Vatican. He encouraged a more thorough study of the Scriptures, promoted the distribution of the Bible among the common people of Italy in their own language, and countenanced a more impartial examination of science. Yet, over against his progressive instincts, it is impossible to forget his condemnation of Mivart in England and Zahm in America for espousing the philosophy of evolution.

Fundamentally, his work and influence were distinctively and always religious. The one purpose from which he never swerved was to promote the power and glory of the Church. To extend the sway of Roman Catholic Christianity determined all his policies and was the secret of all his diplomacy and statecraft. A benevolent desire to do good, and as much good as possible, was doubtless the dominating motive of his pontificate, but he insisted upon doing it in the truly Papal way. While there can be no question that the influence of his reign operated to liberalize Catholicism, to adapt it to new times and manners, and to align it with the spirit of the age, it is impossible to discover in his career any retreat from the essential principles of the Papacy. Gentle and benignant in his private and official relations, he was unbending and autocratic in his capacity of Pontiff. Urging his followers in France and Brazil to accept republican institutions, he repudiated the principle of popular sovereignty. Freedom of conscience and of worship, in the Protestant sense, he refused to admit. Liberty of speech and of

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teaching he declared to be an evil. Against civil control of public instruction, and of divorce and marriage laws, he protested. In any conflict of Church and state he taught that the former must be obeyed. So that it is difficult to see wherein, as the putative Vicegerent of Christ, he retreated a single hair's breadth from the position of his predecessors. There is no evidence that he bated one jot or tittle the presumptuous authority of the past, or in the smallest degree emptied the word "Papacy" of its age-long content.

Yet, by his conciliatory spirit, by his sincere love for mankind, and by his Christian great-heartedness, he brought about a larger feeling of human brotherhood among the people of all creeds and races. In language which no Pope before him ever used, he spoke of Protestants as "separated brethren," and thus recognized their essential Christianity. The sphere of his influence was world-wide, and his influence always made for peace and progress. He was the steadfast advocate of arbitration for settling disputes between nations; and, when his history is written, the earnestness with which he sought the reign of good-will among men will be recorded as one of his chief glories. The gentle spirit of the man was averse to fulminations. He found it more consonant with his nature to love than to hate, to speak words of charity than to hurl anathemas.

A dispassionate survey of his career in the Papal Chair reveals the fact, that his influence was not so much ecclesiastical and official as personal. Had Pius IX. been succeeded by one like himself, the prestige of Romanism would have continued to decline. It was not the Pope, but the man, that made Leo's influence so wholesome. That which won for him the respect of the non-Catholic world and the homage of his own people was not the sanctity of his position, but the saintliness of his person. Entirely apart from those enormous assumptions which have made so many of the Popes vainglorious and arrogant, and from which he was by no means exempt, one discovers in Leo the mild and humble demeanor of a true follower of Jesus. By his own inherent worth, he rose far above his environment and the traditions and institutionalisms under which he was reared. Men and nations felt the healing and persuasive touch of his Christly character. By the nobility of his manhood, by the preponderance in him of the spiritual, and by the sway of a sceptre that drew its

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power from unseen sources, he gave abundant proof that temporal authority is a drag upon the advancement of the Church.

If his influence seems to have been greatest in Protestant countries, it is not to be inferred that the issues of the Reformation are becoming obsolete, or that Protestant convictions are losing their strength. The only thing it argues is that the world is learning to distinguish between the man and the ecclesiastic, between the essential and the non-essential, and to put the emphasis upon interior values rather than upon external pomp and show. So long as a love of liberty stirs in human hearts; so long as men know how to prize individual rights in matters of conscience and religion; so long as Rome clings to the dogma of Papal infallibility, to her belief in mediators other than Jesus Christ, and to the doctrines which led to the upheaval of four hundred years ago, Protestantism will remain in the field conquering and to conquer. Meanwhile, it will join with all of every name in honoring the men, no matter what their race or creed or position, who manifest the spirit and virtues of Leo XIII.

ROBERT F. COYLE.

IV.

IT is as yet too early to expect an intelligent and authoritative estimate of the ultimate significance of a pontificate so long, so eventful, and so complex in relation, as that which has just ended. The words of Our Lord, "By their fruits ye shall know them," were spoken, not of the immediate effects of a man's personal opinions, but of the remoter consequences of the words and example of teachers and leaders of men. Such fruits do not ripen in a day.

The characteristics and fortunes of Leo XIII. and his immediate predecessor were in some respects unique, and their similarities and contrasts are highly instructive. For the first time in the history of the Papacy, two successive rulers outmeasured the "years of Peter" in official tenure. Both were venerable and engaging in presence and irreproachable in life, and both came into power with an established reputation as in sympathy with the popular aspirations of their day. If Pius IX. was the more robust in physique and benignant in feature, more affable and approachable in temper, and more ingeniously alert in private beneficence, Leo XIII. was the more awe-inspiring, through the manifest austerity of his habits, the dignity of his reserve, and the imperiousness of his energy. Coming to his high office at

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a point so near the normal limits of life, he surprised the world by the tenacity with which he held on into what seemed a "life beyond life." He impressed visitors, as Vicomte de Vogué said, as "like a lamp, the flame of which continues to shine without any perceptible reservoir to feed it or mechanism to hold it up." It must have been the less difficult to conceive of a man as supernaturally endowed whose life thus seemed to have been supernaturally prolonged.

But minor points of dissimilarity in person and trait sharpen into positive contrast when we consider the official records of Pius and Leo. Pius, amiable and plastic by nature, and fondly regarded by the people at first as a champion of liberal sentiments, became more and more officially arrogant, fell into open conflict with the party of progress as well as with established governments, and ended his career with a stubborn *Non possumus*. Leo, on the other hand, known in private life as unusually self-assertive in temper and inflexible in will, developed into the most yielding of rulers and most conciliatory of diplomatists. It must be admitted that, if the ship of the Church has been piloted out of darkness and stormy seas into sunlight and safety, this has been accomplished largely through dexterous steering and elastic manipulation of the sails, under the hand of a master. In 1875, Mr. Gladstone wrote:

> "Now, and in great part since the Vatican decrees, the Church of Rome, through the court of Rome and its head, the Pope, is in direct feud with Portugal, with Spain, with Germany, with Switzerland, with Austria, with Russia, with Brazil, with most of South America: in short, with the far larger part of Christendom."

Not one of these feuds lingers to-day. Even in Italy, where, at the accession of Leo, the breach was widest and seemingly most irreparable, a comfortable *modus vivendi* has been reached. The Pope is content with a mild maintenance of his prescriptive right by technically reckoning himself "the prisoner of the Vatican"; but Catholics, clerical and lay, have tacitly recognized the legitimacy of the existing order by resuming the vote and other functions of citizenship. The French Republic, dominated as it is by hostile sentiment, is not openly antagonized, but treated with respectful patience. Even those states which, like our own, formally refuse the Papal government the right of diplomatic

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recognition, have been persuaded to incur the charge of inconsistency by sending quasi-diplomatic embassies to the Papal See.

These civic concessions have been accompanied by a change of popular attitude no less pronounced and no less favorable. It is to democratic, which are uniformly Protestant, countries, or to the democratic constituency of other countries, that the greater part of recent Papal allocutions have been, in effect, addressed; and it is here that results have been most apparent, as was manifestly desired and hoped. For the encyclicals of Leo XIII. have busied themselves, not so much with strictly political, or even with religious, but rather with social, questions. They have sought to win the confidence and good-will of the people, rather than to control the policy of rulers or the local interests of prelates. It is notable that the first red hat in America was given (although the cardinalate had already been awarded) by Leo's hand, and that the first Apostolic Delegate was sent by him to us, as a token of his especial affection and admiration for "that powerful republic which is a stronghold of true liberty."

The achievement of such a victory becomes the more remarkable, and the skill and sagacity that secured it the more conspicuous, when we remember the embarrassing limitations under which the battle was undertaken and the incongruous weapons alone available for its prosecution. The administration of Pius IX. had issued not only in loss of temporal sovereignty and embroilment with most of the Great Powers. He had signalized the later years of his reign by uttering sentiments, and securing the adoption of measures, shrewdly adapted, and apparently intended, to defy and create a permanent antagonism, on the part of his successors as well as himself, between the Papal See and the modern world. The famous Syllabus of Errors (after sharply denouncing the several notions that "every man is free to embrace and profess that religion which, guided by the light of reason, he shall have thought to be true"; that "Protestantism is nothing else than a different form of the same Christian religion, in which, just as well as in the Catholic Church, it is possible to please God"; that "the Church has not the power of availing herself of force, nor any temporal power, direct or indirect"; and that "the Church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the Church"), concludes with a sweeping repudiation of the suggestion that "the Roman Pontiff can,

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and ought to, reconcile himself with progress, with liberalism, and with recent state polity." The promulgation of the dogma of infallibility was an almost equally audacious assault upon the known sentiments of leaders of thought within, as well as without, the Church. It had been deprecated as inopportune by many of her most sagacious prelates; it had been resented, by some of her ablest scholars, as historically and intrinsically unjustifiable; it had aroused instinctive fears and provoked active resistance on the part of statesmen and rulers; and it was couched in terms so extravagant as to require instant and ingenious restrictive interpretation to save it from popular rejection as odious and absurd.

To what an embarrassing legacy of anachronisms and newly invented responsibilities did the new Pope thus fall involuntary heir! The Syllabus had revived and hardened into inconvenient permanence, sharpened into uncomfortable precision, and thrust into unwelcome prominence, certain traditional claims that had long been treated as practically obsolete, and permitted willingly to sink into "innocuous desuetude." And the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility imposed upon the new Pope, as first heir of the title, the delicate task of protecting that title for all his predecessors, as well as so cautiously shaping his own official utterances as not to bring it, while still novel and jealously suspected, into disrepute. Whether or not the Syllabus belonged to the category of the infallible, it at least bordered so closely on the realm of official "definition in faith and morals" that dissent from, or even silence concerning, its contents would seriously have jeopardized popular faith in the new dogma. Leo XIII., therefore, in his first encyclical, unflinchingly reaffirmed all the extravagant statements of the Syllabus; as he has taken occasion since and frequently to ratify, and adopt as unquestionable, all the formal decrees of the incumbents of the Papal Chair from the beginning. But not content thus indirectly to confirm the proverb that "Rome never changes," by putting himself in line with his forerunners, Pope Leo explicitly, and independently, set himself at odds (theoretically) "with progress, with liberalism, and with recent state polity." He did not scruple to impugn the trustworthiness of modern scientific methods, by declaring that the evils and errors of our time are due to the abandonment of the "true philosophy" of Thomas Aquinas, and directing Catholic schools to return to the scholastic method in dealing with

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those "sciences which have nature for their object." He denounced Protestantism unsparingly as "a pest, the most pestilential heresy, a perverse, opportunist system arising from pride and godlessness." His encyclical "On Liberty" distinctly repudiated the natural right of man to freedom of thought, speech, or worship. That which dealt with "The Christian Constitution of States" as distinctly denied the inherent right of the people to govern themselves. Deploring the unhappy condition of things in his own former domain, he reminded the world that "to the Roman Pontiffs, Italy was indebted for the glory and greatness in which she had surpassed other nations," and insisted that the restoration of the temporal power is "essential to the public good and the safety of society." Referring to the "Ideas of Modern Times," which were condemned as pernicious, he put the present in unfavorable contrast with "those happy times when the Church was regarded by the nations as a mother," and despondently spoke of the world in our day as "going rapidly to ruin."

If Pius IX. had, as Mr. Gladstone caustically affirmed, sought out and furbished every "rusty mediæval weapon" and mounted it on the walls of the ecclesiastical citadel, Leo XIII., instead of dismounting any of the guns, promptly added to their number and sharpened their aim. But the singular circumstance is still to be noted, that not one of them has been fired. Their threatened victims, on the other hand, seem to have been actually, if not intentionally, persuaded that they are unshotted, or perhaps wooden, and in either case harmless. What is the pertinence of the present indignant denial that "the Roman Pontiffs or Ecumenical Councils have ever exceeded their powers or usurped the rights of princes," except it be intended to imply a reassertion of the perennial right of Popes to depose refractory sovereigns and release their subjects from obedience, and a threat of intent to assert that right when the facts demand it? But not even the provoking Falk laws could elicit the suggestion that the heretical Emperor of Germany be reduced to submission, and the revocation of those laws compelled, by the vigorous Hildebrandine methods. How can the repudiation, as a deadly error, of the principle that "the Church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the Church" be interpreted, except as officially putting the Church of Rome in open antagonism toward the political system of the United States, into which that principle

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has been wrought as fundamental. But instead of logically due anathemas, there have come only Papal laudations of American institutions; and none of our citizens are more profuse in reiteration of loyalty to all our political tenets than Roman Catholics.

It need surprise no one, then, if the circumstances noted create the impression that the Church of Rome esteems the practical enforcement of dogma as of far less importance than its accurate formulation. The Pope, it would seem, must be infallible, and, since truth is unchanging, inflexible, in dogmatic definition; but he need not be consistent with, nor hampered by, his definitions in practical administration of affairs. He must "say," but need not necessarily "do the truth," to borrow a Scriptural distinction. Precisely what determines a Papal utterance to be infallible, it may not be easy for any other than a canonical lawyer confidently to say; but it would seem, to the ordinary observer, that Leo XIII. has been chary in availing himself of the high prerogative newly awarded him. He has given far less attention to theoretic statement, than to practical application, of principles. In this latter realm he has displayed remarkable ingenuity and dexterity. Early trained in the schools of the Jesuits, he apparently learned to emphasize the Apostolic sentiment, "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." In the beginning of his official career he announced, as a guiding principle of his administration, that "each Pope is free to follow the rule of conduct which he judges best for the times and for the circumstances of the case." In a letter to Cardinal Gibbons he avowed that the Church "has never neglected to accommodate herself to the character and genius of the nations which she embraces." Eager to advance the interests of the Church by such wise adjustment to current conditions, he has laid so large stress upon this phase of his work, that he will go down to history, not as pre-eminently a theologian or religionist, but rather as an ecclesiastical strategist. If Harnack's estimate of the Church of Rome, as primarily political in its aims and aspirations, be correct, this will be reckoned highly to his credit. Indeed, it has been so reckoned. For a recent writer in a Roman Catholic magazine, an admiring devotee of the late Pontiff, accepts as justly laudatory the "brilliant witticism" of M. Anatole France characterizing him as a "pious Machiavelli."

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However sincerely Protestants may esteem the departed Pope for his private virtues, or admire him for the sagacity and fidelity of his official work, they can hardly be expected to forget that, in claiming to be the "chief custodian of religion," he was the chosen exponent of an invidious and obsolete theory. If the system be wrong, then the better and abler the man who commends it the worse for the world. Christ put far apart, and in antithesis, the realms of God and Cæsar. Can He have sanctioned the consolidation of the two in the office of Pontifex Maximus, who claims to be at once God's Vicegerent and Cæsar's successor? The "successor of Peter" invites "princes of the Church" to kiss his unsandaled foot. But Peter said to the Roman centurion, when he offered like homage, "Stand up; I myself also am a man." The world may still wisely appeal from the assumptions of the alleged "Vicegerent" to the authentic words of Christ Himself; and from the conduct of the professed "successor" of Peter to Peter's own significant example. In the face of encyclicals forbidding free thought and free worship, let Peter still be heard saying: "Stand up; I myself also am a man."

J. B. THOMAS.

V.

FOR many reasons the reign of Pope Leo XIII. will be ranked among the most fortunate and illustrious of the long line of Roman pontificates. He came to the throne in an hour when the Papacy was still in the shadow which had fallen upon the Vatican in the deprivation of the temporal power. By most Catholics and by many Protestants that was regarded as a grave calamity. One of the last acts of Pius IX. had been a solemn protest against the "iniquitous spoliation" of the Church by the Italian government; and there were grave doubts whether the election of a new Pope would be permitted. Many Protestants predicted that we should have no more Popes, and would have rejoiced if Humbert, who had just come to the throne of Italy, had interfered to break up the conclave or dictate its choice. Probably no such thought was entertained at the Quirinal; the College of Cardinals was left entirely free in the election of the new Pope; and the speedy and harmonious action of the conclave banished all such apprehension. Nevertheless, the feeling was deep among the Catholic authorities that in the loss of her temporalities the Church had been shorn of a large measure of

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her power; that it was but a crippled sovereignty which had passed into the hands of Leo XIII. Their distress and fear were similar to those of the Congregational ministers of New England when Congregationalism was disestablished,—a change which the good men of that denomination regarded as threatening the overthrow of all religion.

It was inevitable that the new Pope should share these forebodings; traditions of centuries, no matter how baseless, are not shaken off in a day. The reluctance with which he took up the burden of the Papacy was not simulated. The bitter and desolating *Kulturkampf* was raging in Germany; the most powerful statesman of the nineteenth century had enlisted all the forces of a great Empire in the attempt to humiliate and weaken the Catholic Church. It was not an auspicious time for the beginning of a reign.

But the new Pope took up his task with courage, with patience, with infinite tact and good humor. He was not, in the expressive phrase of the street, "looking for trouble"; he was looking for the paths of peace. Bismarck soon found himself in the presence of an antagonist whose strategy quite disarmed him. Against gentleness, patience and good-will the subtlest wits and the strongest battalions avail but little. Pope Leo soon made it abundantly clear that he harbored neither malice nor uncharitableness toward the German Emperor or the German people; that he could not be betrayed into the utterance of an unfriendly word; that all his power would be exerted to keep the German Catholics faithful to their sovereign; that all he asked for them was the liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and to manage the spiritual affairs of their Church without the dictation of the state. The freedom he sought for his people was what every Roman Catholic enjoys in the United States; the state domination of his Church against which he was protesting would not be tolerated by any American, Catholic or Protestant, no, not for one hour. It was a most grievous oppression, which may be explained, but which can never be justified. Let those of us who are Protestants remember and confess that the most grievous case of religious persecution which has occurred during our generation, was not the persecution of Protestants by Roman Catholics, but of Roman Catholics by Protestants.

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In these days of storm and stress the spirit of Leo had its testing, and the issue won for him the confidence and affection, not only of the rest of Christendom, but of the German Chancellor and the German Emperor. The obnoxious May laws were repealed, and religious liberty was restored to the German Catholics. And the battle was won by weapons that are not carnal. There was no resistance; but the event proved that non-resistance is the mightiest of all resistances. Of what avail would temporal power have been in this conflict? If a shred of temporal power had been left to the Pope he would never have won this battle. It was because he was compelled to trust utterly in purely spiritual forces that he was invincible.

Pope Leo XIII. never relinquished his claim upon the temporal power, and it is still asserted by those who represent the Papacy; but his practical wisdom was shown in the diminishing emphasis which he placed upon this claim, and in his evident purpose to make as much as possible of the kind of power which was left him; while the history of his reign is the sufficient demonstration to all the world of the fact that the strength of the Papacy must be in its absolute reliance upon spiritual forces.

It is doubtful whether any occupant of the Papal throne since the Reformation has had a larger influence in the whole of Christendom than Pope Leo XIII. His encyclicals have been read with attention and respect by tens of millions of Protestants; and although the exclusive claims which he has made for the Roman Catholic Church have been promptly disallowed by them, they have always found in these letters many evidences of a large sympathy and a sincere piety. Fifty years ago, it would have been difficult to find any considerable number of Protestants who were capable of thinking of the Roman Pontiff under any other characters than those of "the man of sin" and "the son of perdition." These titles the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, before its revision, unhesitatingly applied to every Pope, and the Westminster symbol but reflected the universal Protestant opinion. The number of Protestants is exceeding small to-day who could find it in their hearts to apply such language to Pope Leo or to his successor. The altered feeling is due, in no small measure, to the genuine Christian character of the late Pope; and it is plain enough to Protestants that not only the revelation of that character, but its development also, has been greatly assisted by

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the fact that Leo XIII. had no temporal power to wield, but was compelled to confine his entire administration to the spiritual realm. It is this fact that has made him the most powerful of all the Popes; all civilized rulers, Protestant as well as Catholic, have treated him with a respect never accorded to any of his predecessors; his good offices have often been invoked in national disagreements, and his weighty words upon social questions, revealing his deep concern for the fundamental virtues, his faith in a liberty that is not mere lawlessness and his profound sympathy with the working classes have won for him the kindly regard of tens of millions who can never accept the dogmas which he represented.

It would be interesting to compare the pontificate of Leo XIII. with that of Hildebrand, with respect to the amount of real and permanent influence exerted by each upon the affairs of the civilized world.

The domination of the latter over the greater part of Christendom appeared, for the moment, to be complete; yet it was but an external authority against which the wills of men were always up in arms. Hildebrand brought the German Emperor to Canossa; but the humbled monarch returned in wrath and swept him from his seat. He set up his claim to be the dispenser of thrones and dominions; and Europe was deluged with blood for centuries in the vain attempt to establish the claim; one by one the Christian nations all repudiated it, and the political doctrine with which the name of Hildebrand is identified has been erased from the constitutions of Christendom and will never be rewritten. The character which Hildebrand sought to stamp upon the Church put it into irreconcilable antagonism to all human governments, and would, if his claim had not been surrendered, have destroyed it from the face of the earth. When thus it took the sword, it was bound to perish with the sword.

Pope Leo XIII. has asserted no such claims. Bismarck announced, at the beginning of the *Kulturkampf,* that *he* would not go to Canossa; but that was gratuitous bravado. Pope Leo had no wish to triumph over him; he only wanted to make peace with him, and he made it; and from that day until now the German Emperor has had no better support than that which he receives from his Catholic subjects. How much more complete and permanent is this victory won by weapons that are not carnal, than any

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that Hildebrand ever won. How much stronger does the Roman Catholic Church stand, to-day, by virtue of Leo's peaceful policy, in all the nations of the earth, than it stood when by the vast assumptions of the mediæval Pope it had arrayed against it the national feeling of every Christian people!

The day will come, we may trust, when this lesson will be learned by Catholic theologians and Catholic rulers; and when it will be clearly understood that the power of the Christian Church must forever reside in its frank and complete abandonment of all pretensions to temporal power, in its fearless casting away of all carnal weapons; in its unhesitating and absolute trust in moral and spiritual forces. When that day shall come, the pontificate of Leo XIII. will be pointed to as the one in which the true character of the Christian leadership of the world began to be clearly seen.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

VI.

THE first view of Mont Blanc is usually disappointing. Having heard so much of this famous mountain the traveller is prepared to see a vast, wondrous pile rising in sublime grandeur, its head crowned with eternal snow, its icy peaks flashing in the sun, its stateliness unapproachable. He cannot, therefore, conceal his surprise when he sees a mountain, not standing out splendid and solitary, but one only of a chain, and seemingly little higher than the others. But as he waits in the valley until his eyes become accustomed to the measurements of the sky, gradually there grows upon him the wondrous supremacy of the Alpine King, for he discovers that the summits of the other mountains lose themselves on its mighty bosom, and that its head dwells in a heaven distinctively its own.

So with the subject of this sketch. At the first glance, Leo XIII. seems merely one of the many illustrious men who have worn the Papal crown, perhaps even less striking in kingship and personality than some of his predecessors; but as we think over the influences which radiated from his life, and then try to estimate the value of his ministry, not only to the Roman Catholic Church, but to the whole world, we cannot but concede to him an eminence seldom attained by men.

In 1878, when Leo assumed the Papal tiara, the dignity seemed little more than an empty form, for almost everything of real sov-

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ereignty had been wrested from the Roman Pontiff. Nations which in other days had accepted without question the authority of the Vatican, gratefully recognizing its dominion in matters temporal as well as spiritual, now regarded it with indifference, holding its decrees as of no moment or value. Other nations, while professedly Roman Catholic in faith, were openly hostile to the government vested in St. Peter's Chair, even going so far as to inaugurate bitter persecutions against certain orders in the priesthood. Italy, for so many centuries the seat of Papal authority, strenuously contended for political emancipation, and the world saw with amazement the Quirinal and the Vatican arrayed against each other, the one daringly defiant, the other insistent and implacable. Papal nuncios, once received almost everywhere with extraordinary deference, their word accepted by Kings, their wishes adopted in Councils, and their presence hailed by applauding multitudes, no longer had a place at Courts or Embassies, and of the empire held for ages by the Roman See hardly a vestige remained.

And worse still: not only had the temporal power gone, but the spiritual authority had well-nigh departed. The voice of the Church was no longer heeded by the common people. A spirit of rationalism was abroad. Multitudes were falling away from the faith. Infidelity was spreading. Secret societies, many of them anarchistic, all of them revolutionary, were springing up everywhere. A feeling of deep hostility to the priesthood was becoming more manifest. Socialism—that hydra-headed mystery, meaning to one man the Gospel in its highest development and to another Utopian communism—was dividing the Church and leading to contentions so sharp and bitter as to excite the gravest apprehension. The secular spirit of the age had so displaced faith and reverence that the priest no longer spoke *ex cathedra,* neither was the voice of the Church accepted as the voice of God. Under these conditions, the tiara was surely a crown of thorns. For what did it mean but suffering and humiliation to the one whose brow it encircled? Virtually, Leo XIII. when elected Pope was a King without a sceptre, a Bishop without a mitre, a frail old man, whose life, like that of the Church he was called to govern, seemed drawing to a close.

For twenty-five years Leo carried the burdens and responsibilities of the Pontificate; and when finally he was compelled to

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lay them aside, the whole world gathered reverently at his bedside, and, as he passed away from human sight, he was followed by esteem and affection universal and sincere. Twenty-five years of marvellous service they must have been to accomplish such a change in the life and thought of the world.

There are those who think that Leo's policy towards the Italian government might have been less severe, and that his stern insistence upon sovereign rights was a grave mistake. But for this he was not responsible. Nor could he act otherwise. His claim was not personal. The temporal sovereignty of the Pope is an essential in the life of the Roman Catholic Church. The demand of the Holy See for recognition as the Vicegerent of Christ must be made and insisted on without the shadow of abatement. So when Leo allowed himself to be known as the "prisoner of the Vatican," refused to accept the income voted by the Italian government, and declined relations with the Italian Court, he was only carrying out a policy to which the Church was committed, and which he was powerless to control. This fact should be borne in mind. Otherwise he might be charged with posing as a martyr, or—something even less true—with being an intolerant Romanist, whose ambition was to restore to the Papacy the power of former years.

But, when we leave Italy and observe his course with the other nations, we see a statesmanship worthy of Leo the First, and we mark results infinitely more beneficial than those that accompanied the reign of Leo the Magnificent. With what incomparable wisdom he met the astute Bismarck! What could be more dignified, conciliatory, or forceful than his appeal to Emperor William? And so just were the grounds on which that appeal was based, that the Iron Chancellor, despite the war cry of "Canossa!" could not but accede to its demand.

With Russia he was equally successful. For many years there had been unpleasant relations between the St. Petersburg Court and the Roman Vatican. And during these years millions of Roman Catholics, subjects of the Czar, had suffered much indignity and persecution. They had been deprived of civil rights, denied religious privileges, and, because of their faith, compelled to endure grievous wrongs. But so wisely and tactfully did Leo present the claims of his people to the Russian authorities, that he secured conditions more peaceful and harmonious than had been

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deemed possible. In both Germany and Russia Leo distinctly recognized the rights and obligations of other forms of faith. Indeed, his own plea in each case was for liberty of conscience. In these negotiations, we see a breadth of vision prophet-like in its range and clearness, and also a toleration so genuinely Christian as to excite deep admiration. In France, his course was still more remarkable. For there he recognized the right of the people to such form of government as they desired. With a liberality that evoked amazement and even consternation among rigid Romanists, he gave formal acknowledgment to the French Republic, nor did he hesitate at making the most generous concessions.

In no sense can it be said that Leo was a reformer, as that term is generally understood. Nor was there anything of the radical either in himself or his methods. He was neither dramatic nor spectacular. But he was tolerant; he was of liberal mind; his outlook was broad; his grasp on affairs was that of a statesman; his ambitions were never personal; he was a priest, but a man as well; his sympathies and activities were far-reaching; his ministry, though primarily Romanist in its purpose and desire, was of world-wide scope and influence. We find him, therefore, taking a deep and abiding interest in the problems that agitate and distress the great mass of men. His was not a cloistered faith, content with secret prayer and personal devotion. To his mind, religion was far more than an armless statue, powerless to grip the world and lift it heavenward. Hence he acted as peacemaker, mediator, arbiter; he championed the cause of labor, yet guarded sacredly the rights of capital; he adjusted differences, settled disputes, restored harmony between factions and nations, and in every way possible sought to secure an era of fellowship and goodwill.

It may be said that Leo was a Jesuit, and that his diplomacy, his graces of conciliation, and rare persuasive arts were only the result of his training in that powerful Brotherhood. But other Popes have been Jesuits, and have had winning manners and ingratiating address. But where is the Pope who has so lovingly impressed himself on the nations of the earth: who has had Kings and Emperors for his grateful guests: whose letters in behalf of the poor and oppressed have stirred the hearts of millions, and whose life was so unselfishly consecrated to the service of humanity?

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He doubtless had an iron hand; but every great man has an iron hand. It is only the man of inflexible will, unbending purpose, granitic nature, who accomplishes anything in the world. To be God-like is to be without variation or shadow of turning. Of the One whose Vicegerent Leo claimed to be it has been written that He would set His face like a flint. Anything less would have faltered at the Cross. But Leo's hand had a touch of rare tenderness. It was a father's hand, and, almost every time we see it, it is raised in benediction.

That his life has been of untold value to the world only the foolish or the misguided will deny. An example so inspiring, a character so exalted, a faith so devoted, and an influence ever calm and consistent have made the name of Leo a memory of priceless worth. The Roman Catholic Church is under profound obligations to him, for out of a ruin he constructed an edifice far more imposing than the original temple of earthly dominion. And the Holy Catholic Church is also his grateful debtor, for Leo was a Catholic at heart, and as such gave himself for the life of the world.

J. WESLEY JOHNSTON.

VII.

BUNYAN'S famous remark on seeing an unfortunate man being carried to Tyburn for execution, meant that men must be judged by temperament, environment and conditions. Bunyan was Bunyan because his temperament was spiritual, his environment permitted its development and the conditions of the day fostered it. The culprit was a culprit because of temperament and environment, doubtless, and also because the conditions of the day inflicted death-sentence for many offences.

So must we judge Leo XIII., by his temperament, by his environment and by the conditions which obtained during his long pontificate. His temperament was one of piety and love for learning. His environment was the Church of Rome, with all its traditions, ceremonies and aspirations. We must judge Pope Leo by his attitude to these traditions, ceremonies and aspirations.

Thus, the tradition of Pope Joan may be a legend, despite the *dicta* of Martinus Polonus, the chronicle *Flores Temporum,* Anastasius, *Codex Vatic.* 3762, Geoffroi de Courlon, Guidonis, Orvieto, etc. But her statue was placed in Siena Cathedral, with busts of other Popes. Pius II., Pius III., Marcellus II., all from Siena, knew and tolerated this. How many such traditions did Leo

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XIII. know and tolerate? To this day, traditions point to three bodies of St. Peter, five of St. Andrew, seven of St. James the Greater, twelve of St. Pancras, six and a part of Mary Magdalene, etc. Leo XIII. knew of them. Remembering also the tradition of Pope Honorius, who was anathematized for heresy by the sixth General Council and that therefore that Pope (and how many others later?) was thus declared fallible, Leo XIII.'s attitude to the tradition of Papal infallibility, so solemnly adopted by his predecessor, is of intense importance in estimating him. Of far greater importance is the tradition of the donation of Constantine. This gives the Pope of Rome imperial power and honor, supremacy over all churches, sovereignty over Italy or the western regions, etc. Subsequently "or" was changed into "and." The attitude of Pius IX. to this tradition of Papal temporal power we know. And we know Leo XIII.'s. But, from his relations with the Italian Government at one time, we are tempted to believe that the attitude of the late Pope was that of his Curia, not that of his own heart. Perhaps the situation is expressed in his message, on his accession, to the excommunicated but sturdy Dr. Döllinger. "Come back, for there is another Pope," wrote he. "Yes," replied the Doctor; "but the same Papacy!"

In Papal ceremonials he changed the coronation from St. Peter's to the Sistine Chapel. But his independence was best displayed in his attitude to the new conditions of his day.

Gregory the Great declared that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion"; he expelled from Rome all mathematical studies and burned the Palatine Library. Leo XIII. loved learning, opened the treasures of the Vatican Library to all, and so attracted scholarship to Rome. Innocent III. cursed Magna Charta, "that disgrace to the English nation," "that thing of no account." Leo XIII. championed popular rights against oppressors.

The glory of Leo XIII. is that he recognized new times and new conditions, and possibly would have done so to a yet greater extent but for his environment—the Curia.

Witness his action with his own clergy. "What of the clergy?" exclaimed Prof. Mariano of Naples University in 1891. "Here, indeed, Romanism has worked the greatest destruction. Under the whip of the Papal system, our clergy lie prostrate in a senile and servile lethargy which deadens mind and soul . . . . their ignorance and the laziness in which they rejoice is easier to de-

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plore than to measure." What of the Pope? we may ask in turn. Let Dr. Brann testify:

"The dominant note in the oratorio of Leo's life was intellect. He saw that ignorance in the clergy and in the people made many of them a prey to infidelity and socialism. He knew that a cultured and logical intellect would never make an infidel unless the baser passions control. He knew that a really educated man, educated thoroughly, would never accept the theory of Voltaire or Rousseau or Proudhon. Hence, he determined to lift the clergy to the highest plane of scholarship. He raised the pitch of college, seminary and university studies. Education with religion, education in the highest sense of the word, was his aim, for he knew that an educated people, which is at the same time religious, will preserve public order and will not try to take others' property."

In harmony with this was his enlightened attitude towards American Catholicism; for in America, the doctrine, "Learning is Power," holds good; and nowhere does an unenlightened clergy stand less chance of respect and recognition.

Yet more remarkable than this, was his attitude towards the Bible. From Pope Nicholas I., 860, to Pius IX., the predecessor of Leo XIII., many a Pontiff condemned the Holy Book and forbade anybody reading it.

Leo XIII., to his honor and glory, acted differently. In 1893, he issued an encyclical, permitting the reading of the Bible. True, he had priestly influences to combat. Hence, Dr. Robertson tells us he saw priests burn New Testaments, and portions of the Old, in front of village churches. But Leo continued in his enlightened course. He sanctioned a Roman Biblical Commission. In June, 1902, the Society of St. Jerome issued an Italian translation of the four Gospels and the Acts, with notes.

No wonder that such an enlightened Pope bade his clergy study, so as to reconcile religion and science, deplored ignorance of either, and, we are told, returned to the subject five times in one year. No wonder that he opened the Vatican Library treasures for all eyes to see, while he charged all historians "not to dare utter anything false, nor conceal anything true, nor show the slightest suspicion of bias or animosity."

The majesty of the human mind is evidenced by its stand for the right and by its power to overcome and convert opposition into support. Leo XIII. displayed this majesty of mind to an unusual degree. His fearless stand for the right was shown when,

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as Governor of the province of Benevento, he put down brigandage, and when, as Archbishop of Perugia, he as fearlessly stood for what he considered right, by his protest against the enforcement of civil marriage law in Umbria after Italy annexed it, and by his denunciation of the expulsion of religious orders. As Pope, he as fearlessly exposed errors and falsities of modern civilization, such as education without religion, divorce, socialism, capital and labor strife, etc. The practicability of Christian socialism he once maintained. But, learning that socialism popularly includes atheism, he condemned it. His encyclicals on all these subjects are classics. That on Labor has, by order of the Tzar, been made a text-book in the National University of St. Petersburg. He tried to harmonize the Roman Catholic Church with the new social, industrial, scientific, and even political conditions, while holding to its historic and traditional duties and dogmas. To quote a Protestant Bishop (Satterlee): "he was undoubtedly the most liberal-minded Pope that Rome has had in 1,500 years." When he became Pope, the prestige of the Papacy had been shattered by the events of 1870, and further injured by Pius IX.'s reactionary attitude against the progress of thought in his day. He left the Papacy respected by non-Catholics, a political power even without a realm, a force in society, and no longer the recognized enemy of science. He found the Church mediæval; he left it awakening to modernism. As for the respect he won for his Church from non-Catholics, it is significant that at his Jubilee of December 23rd, 1887, he used a gold ewer and basin presented by Queen Victoria, a tiara given by the Emperor of Germany, and a diamond ring given by the Sultan—Protestantism and Mohammedanism voluntarily adorned Catholicism!

How his force of mind converted obstacles into helps is admirably shown in his foreign policy. Thus, he condemned Home Rule for Ireland; yet, nevertheless, he appointed Dr. Walsh, a rabid Home-ruler, Archbishop of Dublin. By the former act, he placated the British Government; by the latter he pleased the Irish people. In France, the clergy were identified with Royalist movements; hence Gambetta's remark, "*le cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" Leo astutely disarmed clerical opponents by bidding Catholics "rally" to the Republic and abandon the Royalists. In Germany, he transmuted the strenuous opposition of Bismarck and Falk into a harmonious understanding, when he caused his lieu-

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tenant, Dr. Windthorst, to organize the Catholic party of the centre, so that it held the balance of power in the Reichstag, and compelled the Iron Chancellor to choose between warfare on the Church or needed army-appropriations! Not less signal was his success in hindering Russia from substituting the orthodox Russian Church for Catholicism in Russian Poland. Verily, these are victories for a potentate who ascended his throne with a broken sceptre in his hand!

Leo was a great Pope. But he was only a man. Hence, he was fallible, despite the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He erred in judgment more than once. Thus, his prohibition of the prayer of Queen Margherita asking "God's mercy and forgiveness for her deceased husband, who had always loved and forgiven his people," shocks us. His aspirations for temporal power astonish us, knowing, as he must have known, how they keep Protestant hands on the sword-hilt. His encyclical of 1893 as to the worship of Mary repels us who believe, as the Bible teaches, that God is our only Saviour. His failure to regulate Confession puzzles us, for we are not without testimony that in some countries the influence of the confessional is pernicious.

May the present Pope and his successors continue the work by regulating relic impossibilities, the status of the clergy, confession, and dogmas which set the Catholic Church in opposition to the changed conditions of high human thought and liberty. May they continue, until Catholicism becomes the religion which Jesus himself preached and practised—to keep the Seventh Day Sabbath as he did (and surely Jesus was infallible), to know nothing of relics or confessions to human beings, and to stand always for peace and good-will on earth!

And a final word from me as a Jew.

May the new Pope sternly set his face against the falsehoods launched by Antisemitism, in countries where Popes command a potent clergy. For we cannot forget the cleric part in the Dreyfus injustice in France. Why did not Leo XIII. help justice in that *cause célèbre?* And when the Archbishop of Toulouse, the Vicar-General at the archbishopric of Paris and the Bishop of Mende approved such false teachings as those in the *Fleurs de l'Histoire,* why did Leo XIII. tolerate such publications, and, above all, why did he permit such approvals?

H. Pereira Mendes.

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THE PROBLEM OF THE BALKANS.

BY A. LOUDON SNOWDEN, LL.D., FORMERLY UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREECE, ROUMANIA AND SERVIA, AND TO SPAIN.

POLITICAL conditions in the Balkans may be described as the maintenance of the impossible by the ambitions and rivalries of the Great Powers. The existence of petty and weak states among ambitious and overwhelmingly strong neighbors, would ordinarily be considered beyond the logic of history; that they are not absorbed is due to the fact that their potential conquerors are unable to agree among themselves as to the division of the booty. The ideal condition, for the millions of Slavs who inhabit or control the many petty states and principalities once tributary to the Turk, would be a gigantic federal state, stretching from the Bosphorus to the Danube, from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, forming a new Christian power in territory once ruled by Mohammedans, and serving, at the same time, as an effectual barrier to the anxious, restless ambition of Russia. But the very advantages of such a disposition would be among the most potent obstacles to its consummation. Russia, the strongest Power interested, would never consent to the rearrangement, except as the result of a war, which no nation or group of nations would be likely to force upon her. A powerful buffer state, able, under modern military conditions, to defeat forever the design of the Muscovites to acquire Constantinople, might be an ideal well worthy the aims of the constitutional states of Western Europe. It would undoubtedly contribute to stability of conditions and to the free and orderly government of the earth; but striking object-lessons in freedom would encounter all the forces of the vast bureaucracy which has only recently overthrown the solemnly guaranteed liberties of Finland.

In few regions of Europe are the results of conquest and of de-

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layed development more strikingly evident than in the Balkans. The multitude of little states or dependencies are built upon the ruins of ancient and powerful kingdoms. Romans, Huns, Goths, Bulgarians, Turks, all have had a share in shaping the history of the Balkans; every one has been, at one time or another, in the ascendent. The working out of ideal conditions might be said to resemble the efforts of a peasantry who, vandal inheritors of the treasures of ages past, build huts out of the broken remnants of works of art, or pave roads with the crumbled façades of temples and the mutilated statues of gods and goddesses—as, in Greece, I knew of priceless marbles that were burned for lime. Each conqueror has left behind a layer of debris, a wave of feeling and tradition or sentiment. The ideal settlement, a mighty federal state, to comprise, in a single union, with local autonomy, the disjointed political organizations which are now without cohesion or common ground of development or purpose, is a consummation nothing but generations yet to come can be expected to accomplish. Even if Russia's veto were not an obstacle, local jealousies, the claims of petty dynasties, differences of language and widespread ignorance and indifference, render the ideal settlement apparently impossible.

The very existence of Roumania, Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Albania, Bosnia and Herzegovina, means that the wresting of power from Mohammedanism has not finally settled the fate of any one of them. In the states where an attempt has been made to adapt the English system of constitutional government to local conditions, it has resulted, for the most part, in nothing better than the substitution of bureaucracies for personal government. Though all are free, or under the care of some one of the great Christian Powers, any of them is likely to become a centre of disturbance—with the probable exception of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which Austria "occupied" at the end of the Turkish war of 1877-8. The disposition to consider as a bond of sympathy the common Slav ancestry of some, is misleading. Five racial elements enter into the problem; and few dissensions are so fierce as those among kindred.

Greece is the inheritor of the traditions of the Byzantine power which ruled at Constantinople for over a thousand years; it would seem to be the logical heir to the seat of Mohammedan sway. Its ruler, King George, whom I learned to know and respect hearti-

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ly when I was at his capital, is well worthy to sit upon any throne; but the attempt at constitutional government in his kingdom, which has resulted in depriving him of all initiative, has really robbed the state of the best opening for his services. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the Greek constitution has succeeded in depriving George of courage, as well as of autocratic power. His dismissal of the ministry of Delyannis, which occurred while I was representative of the United States at his court, was deemed at the time an act of the highest moral bravery; and events, since then, have generally vindicated his judgment and force. But even he is ready for the "rainy day" for which, tradition says, all Eastern potentates prepare. As alert as any business man, he has accumulated wealth in affairs; and should the modern Greeks, like the Athenians of old, vote to expel their Aristides because weary of hearing him called "The Just," the decision will find him, if not reconciled, at least not unprepared.

Roumania, first in order of the Danubian kingdoms, is one of the most interesting of the Balkan states. Ruled by a wise and efficient prince of the House of Hohenzollern, student, soldier, thorough-going man of business and affairs, it is not in the least surprising that the kingdom should have a splendid army and that Bucharest, its capital, should have grown from the mud village it was at the time of his accession, in 1867, to be the "Paris of the Balkans," as it is to-day. The finest hotels, the most perfectly paved streets, the most superb cab service in Europe, are some of the advantages attributed by many travellers to the Roumanian capital. My own observation inclines me strongly to the opinion that the praises are not mere compliments. Even in the manner and bearing of the lower classes of Roumanian lineage, I was surprised to see evidences of a pride which never for an instant forgets that the ruling caste is descended from the soldiery of Trajan, and that they are "Romans" to this hour. It is the most interesting tradition with which I came face to face, in all my experiences. It cannot be ignored in dealing with this picturesque people; it must tinge their history for ages to come.

Suffering and heroism marked the last supreme effort of Roumania, in doing her part in the Turkish war of 1877-8. Even now, a thrill of horror and pride is felt by her people at the recollection of the fearful slaughter of their soldiers when they bore

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the brunt of the fire of the Turkish cohorts at Plevna, and, according to a belief widely entertained, saved the campaign on the Danube for the Russian invaders. Thrust forward to take the worst of the Turkish defence, the peasantry of Roumania showed, during those terrible days, that something more than the Roman name and pride had been handed down from Trajan's times. It was a demonstration of courage and devotion that raised Roumania high in the estimation of the world; it was a proof of fibre and character that cannot be overlooked, should the question of leadership among the Balkan states ever become a vital and active one.

But if Roumanian gallantry won world-wide applause at Plevna, it was vain of reward, so far as her ally was concerned. Though fighting Russian battles and saving the Russian campaign against the Turks, the cession of Bessarabia, which was to have been Roumania's requital, was withheld by Russia. The bad faith produced a bitterness which has never been allayed. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the duplicity which was then displayed has done more to injure Russian prestige among the Balkan states than anything that has happened within two generations. It showed that no engagement however solemn will suffice to bind to fulfilment the dominant northern Power.

Roumania, forever distrustful of Russia's good faith, has spent $100,000,000 on the fortifications of Bucharest, the capital. Detached iron-clad forts, built on the Gruson and Schumann systems, make the city practically impregnable, while modern military appliances have made the defence well-nigh invincible. Roumania has done everything possible to avail herself of the utmost that science can offer. Behind the fortifications of the capital runs a line of depressed railway track, that adds immensely to their effectiveness and capacity for defence. Her army, of 168,000 men with the colors, together with a reserve of 200,000, is almost perfectly disciplined. One of the finest sights of my life was a review of 40,000 troops, held by King Charles in person outside the capital, while I was minister at his court. It was an impressive reminder of the Bessarabian treachery—a suggestion that the Russian glacier may melt at that point in its southern progress.

Servia, most troubled of Balkan governments, half recognized, half unrecognized by the great states, uncertain what the next

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hour may bring forth, is among the most striking instances of the impossible condition, rendered actual by the mere inability of the Powers to agree upon the disposition to be made of her. The recent crimes in connection with the death of the King and Queen bring to mind only more shockingly a condition that is chronic in the region, the insecurity of the crowns and persons of rulers, the utter lack of the political unselfishness which can subordinate personal interests to the general good, and the impossibility of framing any government with the materials at hand that shall respond to the real interests of the people. It is said that knowledge of but few of the murderous attempts upon rulers ever reaches the public; the large number reported against the lives and crowns of Balkan princes would seem to indicate a condition in which government itself is seriously menaced, and the wildest anarchy could be the only outcome. Servia has suffered most; but it is by no means certain that her condition is much worse in reality than that of Bulgaria; disorganization in army, court, political life, have brought it into bolder relief; that is all. Arbitrary rule on the part of the Prince and his circle of friends and intimates brought a sudden and terrible retribution in the case of Alexander; but it is doubtful whether a wise ruler would find himself in much better plight. The principle of assassination is not a discriminating one: Abraham Lincoln, Prince William the Silent, Henry the Fourth, Sadi Carnot, President of France, William McKinley, and many other instances show that the wisest and best are indeed the most frequently attacked; yet it has been rare, in these latter days, that the hands that planned an assassination have been the ones to inaugurate the régime made possible by the crimes. That it should be so in Servia is an augury of the most evil portent. Russia's haste, first of all the great states, to recognize the new régime, is the amazing exhibition of the times, an apotheosis of regicide and military insubordination and treachery that was least to be expected from a state that had lost its Liberator Tzar by the hands of murderers. It seems to indicate, as I believe, that the new régime will be subservient in the utmost degree to Russian wishes. Russia never yields deference to the abstract; Peter Karageorgévitch is expected to be a tool in Muscovite hands. Nihilism itself —if in other states—does not blind the eyes of the Tzar's bureaucracy to the supposed interests of "Holy Russia."

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The name of Bulgaria suggests the ancient history of the Balkan states in striking fashion. Once Lower Moesia of the Romans, it formed a powerful kingdom from the early Middle Ages until overthrown by the Turks in 1389. Its armies appeared before Constantinople and threatened the seat of the Eastern Empire on more than one occasion. Yet none was more completely subdued, none suffered more keenly from the Mohammedans. Even its release from Turkish oppression, after the war of 1877-8, was but an introduction to fresh troubles. Its brave Battenberg Prince, Alexander, had barely been seated upon the throne before intrigues began for the ascendency of Russia. From that day until his successor, the present Coburg ruler, yielded to Russian plans, there was not an hour that the hand of the northern Power was not felt, either in the abduction of Alexander, in the assassination of Stambuloff, the inimitable premier, or in scores of ways that were never revealed to the world. The war of 1877-78 brought Russia little of the soil of any of the Danubian principalities; but endless intrigue, pursued as remorselessly as Fate itself, procured her a far-reaching political ascendency, even at the cost of the blood of a premier and the enforced abdication of the successful soldier-prince, Alexander.

Few rulers have had the good-fortune to win such renown as fell to Alexander of Battenberg, as the result of the brief war of 1885 and the brilliant victories won against his brother monarch, the weak and corrupt Milan of Servia; yet few were so suddenly and so completely deprived of the results of their courage and address by the pettifogging intrigues of Russia and Austria. The chicanery that halted the Bulgarian army outside the gates of Belgrade was like a page from a comic opera. The Austrian envoy to Milan's court—wholly without authority, as afterwards appeared—presented himself before Alexander a few days after the victory of Slivnitza, and ordered the Prince not to enter Belgrade. Alexander, conscious of the peril of his position, not having yet received the recognition of Russia and, therefore, technically not ruler of Bulgaria "by the consent of the Powers," halted at the appearance of the Austrian representative. The breathing spell afforded the Servians turned the tide of the war, and was, probably, the only thing that saved the throne and life of King Milan. The episode displayed the comedy of Balkan politics more fully than anything that has since occurred.

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The dismissal of Alexander and the assassination of Bulgaria's greatest statesman, Stambuloff, showed that blood and tragedy were also an essential part of the play, that nothing was to be permitted to stand in the way of Russian designs. The murder of Stambuloff has been laid at the door of Russia and of its subservient instrument, the Coburg Prince, Ferdinand. Even religion was employed by the northern Power. The "conversion" to Greek Catholicism of the heir apparent, Prince Boris, at the age of four, was but a step in Russia's progress.

Within the last few weeks, outcroppings of the undercurrent which, in the Balkan states, sets incessantly toward anarchy, seems to have been felt in Bulgaria. The throne of Ferdinand, at no time entirely secure, is more than ever menaced. The assassins of Alexander of Servia, unpunished, triumphant, virtual rulers of the Servian state, constitute an example which will strengthen the hands of anarchy and tend to undermine the foundations of order in every state of Eastern Europe. That other governments may suffer, and that even Russia herself may repent her hasty recognition of the new king, is not impossible.

Macedonia, not usually enumerated among the Balkan or Danubian principalities, is just now the seat of disturbances which strikingly recall the horrors of Bulgaria preceding the Turko-Russian war of 1877-78. The similarity is more than superficial; it is again the Bulgarians who are making the leading protests, who are bearing most of the actual suffering and doing much of the fighting for the sake of the oppressed in the Turkish villayets —of old, the kingdom of Alexander the Great. Bulgarian subjects of Ferdinand are stealthily or openly aiding the uprising; Bulgarian residents, in all parts of Turkey, are made to feel the heaviest possible burdens of confiscation and banishment; and it is evident that events are looking toward a repetition of the horrors of 1876, when, in Bulgaria, the village wells were found full of the mutilated corpses of men, women, and babes after the Turkish troops had paid their visits of "pacification."

The concert of the Powers for peace is, perhaps, stronger than it was in 1877, and the chances of war are less, even with an equal stress of provocation; but it is doubtful if Russia, Austria, and Turkey combined will be able to stem the tide of popular resentment and fanaticism which must flare up, should the existing troubles proceed much further, or should more Christian blood

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be shed. The rewritten histories of past ages show that the hands of monarchs more nearly autocratic than Nicholas of Russia have been forced by the popular will. He may find that even the Autocrat of all the Russias cannot stamp out the blaze which will spread through Southeastern Europe should Turkey immolate ten thousand of its Christian subjects in Macedonia, as it did in Bulgaria nearly a generation ago.

Just as are the grievances of the Christians domiciled in Turkish territory, it must not be imagined that all Macedonians are martyrs or heroes, or that all of them are desirous of dying in order to alter the present status, bad as it is. Macedonia suffers from demagogues as much as do other lands, and many of its people find themselves forced into revolt because "leaders" or "chiefs" have decided the time is ripe for a popular upheaval. Indeed, in the present crisis, the old race hatreds between the Christian elements of the population are so fierce that the Greeks are upholding Turkey rather than see the Bulgars in the lead for freedom. All of them, in fact—Greeks, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Servians—are a unit in but one respect, the determination that none of the others shall be permitted to obtain ascendency in Macedonia.

If Bulgaria can truthfully be said to be the most subservient of the Danubian states, Montenegro may well be considered its peculiar antithesis. Though not so large as the tier of Pennsylvania counties bordering on the Delaware River, and with a population not so numerous as some wards in the city of New York, it has had a history that reads like romance. Part of Roman Illyricum, it was afterwards a portion of old Servia and became tributary to the Ottomans in the fourteenth century. It soon acquired a quasi independence, which it has maintained to this hour. War after war has been fought, only to end in disastrous defeat to the Turks, except in the attempt of 1714, when they sent a force of 120,000 men to the Mountain, probably as many as the entire population of the principality at the time. No less than 20,000 of the natives were captured and the land was reduced to the sorest straits, when complications with the Venetians compelled the invaders to retreat. Several wars ensued. In that of 1796, 30,000 Turks lost their lives. Other attacks followed in 1820, 1832, and in 1852, when the intervention of Austria and the mediation of other Powers again saved the brave mountain-

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eers. The years 1858, 1861, and 1876 saw fresh wars. In April, 1877, there was more bloodshed, for the Montenegrins joined the attack on the Turks begun by the Russians. In the operations of that time, after a mountain defile fight, 1,400 Turkish corpses were counted outside of one Montenegrin redoubt.

Astonishing as the history of Montenegro has been, it would, standing alone, avail little to give it political importance. The prominent place in the eye of the European world now occupied by the little state has been acquired by the much more pacific method of marriage. The reigning family of the principality has given a queen to Italy, and members by marriage to Russian, German, and Servian royal or princely houses. Its international importance has wholly outgrown its material proportions. But its alliances have served to bind it more than ever to the Russian interest and, in the case of the Queen of Italy, have tended to weaken the adherence of her adopted country to the Triple Alliance.

Bosnia and Herzegovina, now a part of the Austrian Empire, seem valuable in sketches of present conditions only as showing the logical fate of the Danubian principalities, the fate which would have overtaken all had the Turks had but one powerful neighbor instead of several who were interested in acquiring Ottoman territory, or in keeping the others from doing so. Their present status might be compared to that of a piece of metal in the midst of powerful magnets, pulling in different directions at the same time. They would seem to be inevitably destined to yield at some time to one or the other; yet they are kept in perpetual suspense by the very intensity of the desire of their neighbors to swallow them up. In the case of Bosnia and Herzegovina, a brave but futile war against Turkey in 1875, under the Russian General Tschernayeff, would seem to have entitled them to as much independence as fell to the lot of Bulgaria; but nearness to Austria, and the determination of that power to receive recompense for Russian and English gains after the Turkish war, proved too strong for sentimental considerations. They became part of the Austrian Empire, or, in the language of diplomacy, were "occupied" by the troops of His Hapsburg Majesty. Thus disposed of by the Congress of Berlin, the Mohammedan portion of the population made a bloody but utterly futile resistance to the Austrian columns of occupation. The gradual elimination

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of the Turks, who had lived in the principalities for nearly five centuries, is now going on. I witnessed some aspects of it when I was at Belgrade. I saw, on the streets of the city, some travellers, evidently Mohammedans from their dress, yet blue-eyed and fair-skinned. They appeared to be wanderers, sad, downcast, and manifestly out of touch with their surroundings. On inquiry, I found they were Bosnian Moslems, on their way back to Turkey, abandoning the land that had been theirs for ages, their further residence rendered impossible by their Christian neighbors. It was one of the last acts in a drama that had been in progress since the fourteenth century, the ebb of the Mohammedan tide that once threatened the whole of Eastern Europe.

Even in the portions of the Sultan's territory that are inhabited by people a majority of whom are Moslems, the Turks seem to have sown only hate and disorder. Albania, most of whose residents are of the faith of the conquerors, is as seriously disaffected from the Porte as any of the Christian portions of the empire. The singular fatuity of the ruling caste, and the principle of Mohammedanism which teaches that no men of any race have rights in government unless they be of the faith of Islam, have resulted in every country in turning the conquerors into parasites. The final result is that no class, throughout the Empire, either Christian or Moslem, is satisfied with government. Both are victims of a system that attempts to rule in the fashion of the fourteenth century.

The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria after the war of 1877-8 might be regarded as a portion of the standing protest against the undue aggrandizement of Russia at the expense of her neighbors. In fact, in the present phase of the Balkan question, Austria might be considered to have fallen heir to most of the anti-Russian feeling and obligation. Austria is growing weaker as Russia grows stronger. The very progress of the imperial Hapsburg realm in the direction of local self-government and toward the democratic ideal, has been her undoing, in so far as relates to her capacity for united effort and for the carrying out of any consistent policy, either at home or abroad. There is also a large element in her population that is affected with Russianism or, as it is sometimes called, "Pan-Slavism," the movement which seeks to draw into one political union all the Slavic peoples of the southeastern part of Europe.

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No strong modern state has suffered from race hatreds so much as Austria. The German element has never succeeded in winning the friendship of any large portion of the other races inhabiting the empire. The long-standing feud between the Germans and the Hungarians is to-day keener than ever, notwithstanding the concessions to the Hungarians of autonomy and of a parliament of their own. Slavs against Germans and Hungarians, Hungarians against Germans, Bohemians against both Magyars and Germans, are a few of the historic feuds darkening the closing years of the reign of Francis Joseph. The other subject races—Italians, Croats, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Slovaks—contribute nothing to the stability or coherence of the empire, and are unfelt except as their members occasionally make themselves heard in the Imperial Parliament.

In Austria, indeed, nearly every existing tendency seems to be at war with the stability of the state, and this at the very time when the need for firmness and stability is becoming daily more imperative. Trade, usually deemed a bond of union, is turned by the Austrian form of internal tariff laws into a culture-bed of dissensions. Language, once the badge of servitude to Austria, is now cherished as a mark of defiance to the ruling caste. Race antipathy, another distinction fruitful of cruelties and misunderstandings, needs no explanation in a country which, like the United States, has a gigantic and unsettled race question on its hands; but nothing in this country can supply a parallel or any fit illustration for the array of disorganizing questions—racial, commercial, and linguistic—that confronts the Hapsburg Empire. It is the generally accepted view, among educated men on the Continent of Europe, that the personal loyalty of the people to Francis Joseph is practically the one bond that really makes for unity and order in Austria. Every hour of life granted the venerable ruler means the postponement of the cataclysm which, it is generally feared, must come sooner or later. What it may mean, for the happiness of millions in Eastern Europe, it is impossible now to forecast.

The German element in Austria will probably fare best of all, should the disaster come. Resident in a territory contiguous to the empire ruled by William of Prussia, the Germans must inevitably gravitate to it when the Austrian realm shall cease to be. The rearrangement brought about will profoundly affect

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European politics. It will not only mean an enormous addition to the power of the German Empire: it will confer upon that state a part of the compulsion now resting on Austria, to resist the remorseless onward march of Russia.

A contingency of the sort I have forecasted may bring about some good results. In the German Empire, Russia would find an antagonist not disrupted by racial antagonisms, and therefore capable of opposing at least a consistent attitude to her relentless course. On the other hand, Austria's position at present can be compared to nothing more accurately than to a chariot race between a team of horses pulling in several directions at once, and another, running obediently, unhesitatingly, to the goal.

To most minds, the list of hereditary enemies of Russia will include Great Britain. It is true, English interests must forever oppose Russia in spirit. No temporary sentiment of friendship can avoid the obligation of every constituent member of the Anglo-Saxon family of nations to oppose, either in fact or morally, everything for which Russia stands. Tradition, laws, customs, free institutions—human liberty itself—decree that there can be no common ground of action between the gigantic autocracy of the Tzar and the free nations that speak the English tongue. As a matter of immediate political necessity, however, England's obligation to resist Russia in the Balkans and on the Bosphorus is less than it has been for nearly a generation. To fight Russia, whether or no, is less the feeling, I believe, now that England virtually controls Egypt and, through it, the Suez Canal, the great artery of trade to the Eastern world. It was very different in 1878, when Disraeli brought 10,000 native troops from India to Malta, serving notice on Russia and the world in a new manner, that England was still, as in Napoleon's day, the hereditary and unyielding enemy of absolutism. Great Britain did not then occupy or control Egypt or Cyprus, and the Suez route would have been seriously jeopardized had Russia secured Constantinople. In these days, the area of conflict between England and Russia has been transferred to the Far Orient where, morally at least, the American nation finds itself in entire accord with Great Britain in fighting the battle of fair trade and civilization for the one-third of the human species which occupies Eastern Asia.

Out of the seething mass of discord, rivalry, and hatred, solutions are possible which might conserve the real welfare of all

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parties whose interests are concerned. Should the heir apparent to the Austrian throne manifest, upon his accession, some measure of appreciation of the vast responsibility of his position, the larger misfortunes may be delayed for an indefinite time, and the partition of Austria be long averted. In such an event, Austria might survive the Turkish Empire in Europe, and fall heir to some of its possessions. Salonika, a seaport the Hapsburgs have long desired, would almost surely come to them, and Austria would become a maritime power to an extent that is impossible with only her present harbor of Trieste. Greece, with almost equal certainty, would gain Macedonia. She may even become the nucleus of a new Christian nation on the Bosphorus, to replace the Asiatic anachronism of the Sultan. With the Dardanelles made free to ships of every nation, and with the new commonwealth guaranteed by the Great Powers, all would gain. Russia would have access to the oceans by ice-free ports, instead of being bottled up, as I feel unjustly, at all points throughout the Western world. The granting of permission to her to traverse the Bosphorus and use her fleets in the Mediterranean would be robbed of its terrors to the Western nations, since they would be on equal terms. England would reap rich advantage. Her tremendous naval preponderance, which is likely to be maintained for generations to come, would then be available for attack and reprisal upon Russia in a way now impossible, except in the extremely improbable contingency that she could have Turkey for an ally, as in the Crimean war.

Surveying the whole field of probabilities, it is difficult to see how any one of the nations in interest could fail to benefit. In the mean time, everything would seem to depend upon the capacity of Austria, not only to meet existing emergencies and maintain the present status, but so to consolidate her people as to preserve her unity until the Turkish overthrow in Europe and thus prevent overwhelming preponderance by Russia. Until that time, Austria must remain the only real barrier to Muscovite aggression in Southeastern Europe. Every one who desires happiness for the millions in the Balkan states and believes in popular government, must devoutly wish well to the house and empire of the Hapsburgs.

A. Loudon Snowden.

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JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE greatest artist of modern times is dead. These are strong words, and I mean them to be. If the time has not come to discuss and analyze the art and the personality of James McNeill Whistler, it is none too soon to state facts and to state them as strongly as they can be stated. For, ere he was in his grave, many of those who, a few days before, had cringed after years of toadying turned, as is their nature, to revile him. Many of those whose mouths he had shut opened them rudely again; and yet scarcely a voice has been raised in his defence, even in his praise.

Among the few artists the world over the man was known, revered and honored. No one since Velasquez and Rembrandt has had such an effect on the art of the world. And not alone by the graphic arts will he live, but by what he wrote and by what he said. There is no one who has carried on the traditions of English literature of the days of Elizabeth and James, as this man has done, in one book. Nor is that all. As a patriot, as an American, it would be hard to find his peer, and yet he scarcely ever was in his native land. In his painting, the man was the heir of the masters. Though he never looked on Velasquez, in all his glory, at Madrid, nothing of the great Spaniard was hid from him. He was nearly fifty before he knew Italy, and even then it was only the fringe of Italy he knew. But what had it to show him? Holland he had worked in; still it was not until a summer or so ago that he studied its art. But the man knew everything almost before he saw it. The merest suggestion of a great work taught him more than the average student can learn by ten years of copying, and, like the truly great, he rarely copied anything. He had no time for it, no use for it.

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After a year or two of study at West Point and of work in the Coast Survey at Washington, after a year or two of training at Gleyre's in Paris—and all had their effect—he painted the White Girl and the Piano Picture, he etched the French Series and the Thames Set. And they are immortal. From that time till yesterday, he triumphed. If he did not, where is the failure? There were failures, and there are unfinished works, but they have not been seen, and I hope they will not be seen. Between the White Girl and the crowd of pictures which are yet to dazzle the world—a world knowing nothing of them—is but the change wrought by never-ending development. Every phase of genuine contemporary art interested and impressed him, at times influenced him; that of Courbet directly, of Rossetti momentarily, of Hiroshige and Hokusai immensely. With it all, however, there was only one end in view, and that was great art and the carrying on of great traditions. He knew he was making great art. He was so sure of it that, even during his lifetime, he compelled an unwilling public to admit it. But for those of us of the younger generation, it is impossible to understand this compulsion. As a schoolboy, my first strong impressions of painting came from the Portrait of his Mother, shown in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the White Girl in the Metropolitan Museum of New York; and of etching when I first saw his prints in the Claghorn collection. There was no question of acceptance. I had to acknowledge them. Yet I learn now, even to-day, from the British critics, for whose existence he saw no necessity, that though Whistler thought subject was nothing, and pathos was nothing and sentiment was nothing, yet he put all these into the portrait of the person he loved best—his mother; and the critics say, even Swinburne has said, he contradicted his theories. He proved them. As well be surprised at dignity in Michelangelo, or craftsmanship in Frans Hals. But then one is always surprised at common sense in anything connected with British art-criticism. Why should the critics understand, and what does it matter? And now, a quarter of a century later, we read Ruskin with astonishment, and learn with amazement the standards of that high priest of British art. For there was no explanation of the shriek by which he will live—the coxcomb throwing a pot of paint in the public face. For upon the few inches of canvas which contained this masterpiece is all the beauty and the mys-

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tery of the East wedded to all the mystery and beauty of the West—the work of a master whose like the world has never seen. But because he put sentiment in his portrait of his mother and beauty in the nocturnes, he is absurd. To the critic, certainly!

There is one phase of Whistler's art, however, which the critics, especially in Britain, never weary of asserting that they did appreciate, his etchings. Doubtless; but the fact remains that until he, looking farther into futurity than any of them, made these etchings valuable from the only point of view from which art works are considered — the financial one — they could be bought, and mainly were bought by artists, up to a few years ago, for fewer shillings than pounds are now offered. It may be interesting to remember that it was of one of the Venice etchings, the "Nocturne, Riva," a celebrated critic said the "subject did not admit of any drawing."

In speaking of the "Wool Carders," another remarked, "they have a merit of their own, and I do not wish to understand it." That has an honest ring; it is a monumental record which can never be lived down. But, as if that were not enough, the same gentleman defined his position as critic by saying that Whistler was an artist who had "never mastered the subtleties of form." No wonder that for years this critic has been trying to deny his past. To crown all, a Professor of Art, an authority on prints, found in the "Rialto" but "scampering caprice," and in the "Salute, Dawn" that Whistler had "pushed a single artistic principle to the verge of affectation." Again, in summing up the Venetian prints, they were pronounced "disastrous failures"; "failures that are complete and failures that are partial"; that have gained "a publicity rarely bestowed upon failures at all." Such an awful failure of critical faculty was never exhibited before even in England, yet this did not prevent one of the critics from cataloguing the prints; he was "refreshed . . . with money" for it, however, he says himself. These are the opinions of the people who praised Mr. Whistler's etchings when they were published. This was the praise bestowed upon them, one of the most favorable comments upon the Venice being that they were "another crop of Mr. Whistler's little jokes."

It is a popular superstition that Whistler was accepted in France. Until 1883, he was treated rather worse, officially, in France than in England, and it is only this year that, sending to

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Budapest, he found himself carefully ignored. Success for him meant a fight in every country for recognition.

As to Mr. Whistler's paintings there was little attempt to take them seriously. There is but little more now. It is a fact that, until within the last five or six years, his commissions for portraits could be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and it is also a fact that, since that time, it would be difficult to count those life was too short for him to carry out, which mostly came from America. There were, I think, only two English ones. Why was it, he himself said, if people now clamored for his work, they refused it when he would have been glad to let them have it? Was it better? No. It is a question of fashion, but this is one of the fashions that will not change. Rembrandt has not changed, and Velasquez has not changed, and Whistler will not change. For genius was the portion of these three artists, and immortality is their reward; and if only one of them—Velasquez—was wholly successful in his life, they have left a heritage which will never die.

I know that it is not the fashion to write like this. I know that one should be calm and judicial and anæmic—that is, one should be a coward, and a craven, and afraid to say what one believes. But, when the world was young, those who discovered it, and made its history, and fought its battles, and ruled its peoples, did what their hands found to do with all their heart, and all their soul, and all their might; and so did this great man throughout his life. With Whistler, painting, when he was painting, was the only thing to live for. When he fought, he meant to fight, and it was with the most wonderful rapier, which none could withstand. When he wrote, those who could read stopped to hear his message. But no longer is it the fashion to paint like that, nor to fight like that, nor to write like that. The man who can paint so well hurts too many mediocrities, and mediocrities are always official and in power. The man who fences so well kills his rival; he does not fail to touch him, and then shake hands. And the man who writes as Whistler wrote is neither forgotten nor forgiven. So, from out their holes, are crawling already the official ones of art, and saying: "It is just as well we did not make him one of us; we do not know what he might have done." And the critical ones, though killed, are now reviving, and are no longer so cowardly as to be afraid to jeer at him, no matter how

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much they toadied a few weeks ago. The so-called literary tributes offered him in England are little but a tissue of jeers and sneers and taunts and lies, which, later, will only, as they have before, recoil upon their utterers; and few dare to admit the greatness of the man and artist. All hesitate, lest some day, sooner or later, if they do not hedge, the world might call them fools. They cannot realize the seriousness of Whistler. Because he was so serious, because he was so honest and strong, they think he must have been a fraud, and that they—it does not matter what happens to him!—will be made ridiculous if they praise. They cannot realize that he was as stern as he was great in his painting, his fighting, and his writing. No one paints or writes or fights so honestly nowadays, and therefore they fear that he was only playing with them, only fooling them. But some of us know that no greater honor could come to us in this world than to find ourselves working, or fighting, or writing on his side.

Not merely with his brush and his needle did he struggle for art. He fought for a great federation of the arts, when exhibitions should be for artists and not for intriguers, when artists and not politicians should be judges. And in this, as in everything, he worked for art. Where is the politician who has not the dread of his voters before him? How many authors are there who do not think of their readers?

But Whistler thought of art and the future of it, and if many never understood him at all, and fewer with difficulty, it was because his ideals were so great and his methods so subtle, though so clear to himself, that, at times, he had to explain them even to those who believed most truly in him. I do not mean to say that he did not make mistakes; he did, as every one does. At times he was taken in by charlatans, and, at others, "acted as though he was not a genius," Degas once said of him in despair. His aims were far beyond those of the unworthy association with which he allowed himself to be allied some years ago. But, later, as the President of another body, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, he made his ideal known and his power felt from one end of the artistic world to the other; and some of his younger followers may live to see him acknowledged, not only for what they know him to be now, the master, but as the founder of a great world-wide art movement, which will influence art and artists everywhere.

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In literature, too, his influence for style and for truth has been enormous. Not only was he the first, nearly fifty years ago, to paint the beauty of London, but in that masterpiece, the "Ten O'clock," he preached it later to a crowd that came to jeer and went away to praise, and to imitate. Who before had seen the wonder of night, or the splendor of fog, or the mystery of twilight in London? Now none can avoid it; yet who remembers that it was he who revealed it? It is the fashion for writers to say that Rossetti was a painter, and for painters to say that Rossetti was a poet. But the future will acknowledge that Whistler was both. For, just as he knew how to paint and to etch because he knew the science and traditions of those arts, so he knew how to write because his writing was founded on the immortal works of the past. In painting and in writing, he carried on scientifically the great tradition, and this is all the great artist has ever done. Never was there less of an innovator, an iconoclast, or a sensationalist, though those are the mildest terms applied to him. He was the humble student of all time and all tradition, who used the knowledge of a lifetime in the service of his art.

This is not the time or place to defend him from his enemies, or to slay them. The future will do that. But there is one phase of his life which should at this very moment be referred to—his patriotism, his Americanism. He was the most intensely American of Americans, continuously reviled though he is by being called an Anglo-American, a Franco-American: impossible hybrids. Whistler was an American and nothing else. His ideals were American, his ambition was for America. And yet, because he did not live in Skaneateles or Kalamazoo, or even in New York or Boston, because it so happened that he found his first motives in London, as well as his last, because his most intimate friends were in that city, he and some other people, with him, who also love England because of what it gives them in their art, are virtually denounced as traitors to the land of their birth and of their fathers' birth, mainly, it is true, by people who were not even born there. But though Whistler passed almost all his life in England and but a few years in France, in those few years, however, learning all there was to learn, he was not of France, though he was in it, nor was he of England either. He followed American affairs with the feelings and the emotions of a patriot. His early training was that of a New England schoolboy, and his

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standards of right and wrong and of conduct were those of the West Point of his time, while not a little of his devotion to details was gained in the United States Coast Survey. In all the important American movements of the last few years, schemes for empire, the question of the blacks, everything that concerns the American, his interest was boundless,—the interest of the real American, not of the sentimentalist or the politician. The sooner the American nation can understand that this great man was one of those who are compelled to live out of their country by their profession, their business, or their trade, though they may love their land, care more for it, and do more for it, than those who never stir beyond the borders of their own ward, the broader will be the American outlook. The American appreciation which came to him from America was always a delight, and his friends were nearly all Americans. At any rate, they were not Englishmen; and if some of them live in London they no more than he are of it. It is true that to-day England, with the sense of appropriation which has always been hers, is ready enough to speak of him as an English artist. He was in no sense an English artist; English artists never did one single thing for him during his life nor since his death; nor English collectors either, save to unload at advanced prices, his works they possessed—luckily, and as he wished, to Americans.

He had no interest in British art, save that which is above nationality, like Hogarth's. And near Hogarth he now sleeps. Had England appreciated these two artists, both would have been buried in St. Paul's. His only sympathy with England was because of the things he found there, and because of the friends he had there. For him, blood was not thicker than water, and sentimental and shop-keeping politics did not make international alliances. He cared far more for France. But he cared most of all for America. And though he has built for himself a fame that will never die, it is time America recognized that this great man has triumphantly placed her first and foremost among the artistic nations of the world. No tribute that can be bestowed upon him by the United States will be too great for his glory, nor fail to redound with honor upon his native land.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

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BRITISH NAVAL PROGRESS.

BY ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

In spite of the great expenditure which Great Britain has made on her navy in the past decade, her position on the seas has, relatively, not improved. She has reached equality in battle-ships with the two next greatest Powers with a margin for contingencies, which is the standard of strength of the British Admiralty; but, since this standard was adopted in 1889, the conditions upon which it was framed have changed. Then there were only two serious rivals, France and Russia; while to-day there is, in addition, the navy of Germany, flanking the British Isles, to be reckoned with, not to mention the fast-increasing power afloat of the United States. Germany has felt the ruling hand and responded to the naval enthusiasm of her "War Lord"; and she has also completed the Kiel Canal, which gives her access to the North Sea and renders her a far more menacing neighbor to England than she was when her comparatively insignificant forces in the Baltic and at Wilhelmshaven were separated. The United States has experienced the tingle of victory over one of the proudest nations of Europe, and the fascination of imperialism and events in Venezuela in 1895 and 1903 have given the Republic a strong navy and will give her a yet stronger. As President Roosevelt has insisted again and again, the Monroe Doctrine requires at its back a powerful fleet.

Relatively to the progress of rivals in the world's naval handicap, Great Britain does not on paper occupy as strong a position as she did.

This may be illustrated by the latest return of the British authorities,* from which it appears that the number of ships of each country built and building is as indicated in the following

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tables, in which the numbers of vessels now building or on order are given in parentheses:

Battle-ships.

	First class.	Second class.	Third class.	Total built.
Great Britain	42 (15)	4	2	48
France	19 (7)	8 (1)	1	46
Russia	13 (8)	4	1	
Germany	12 (8)	4	12	28
Italy	12 (6)	—	5	17
United States	10 (14)	1	—	11
Japan	6	1	—	7

Cruisers.

	Armored.	Protected.	Unprotected.	Total built.
Great Britain	18 (23)	105 (9)*	10	133
France	9 (14)	40	1	72
Russia	8	11 (5)†	3	
Germany	2 (4)	19 (7)‡	20	41
Italy	5 (1)	16	—	21
United States	2 (11)	16 (6)§	11	29
Japan	6	18 (3)¶	9	33

Torpedo Craft.

	Torpedo-Boat Destroyers.	Torpedo-Boats.	Submarines.
Great Britain	112 (34)	85 (5)	5 (14)
France	14 (23)	247 (43)	15 (43)
Russia	48 (6)	132 (7)	— (2)
Germany	28 (10)	93 (—)	—
Italy	11 (2)	145 (8)	1 (3)
United States	14 (6)	27 (4)	3 (5)
Japan	17 (2)	67 (18)	—

In addition, each of the Great Powers has coast-defence ships, vessels only able to operate near bases and as a rule of inferior fighting capacity: Great Britain, 2; France, 14; Russia, 13; Germany, 11; United States, 15; Japan, 2; and Russia has three building. It being England's traditional policy to search out the enemy in his own ports, these coast-defence ships might affect the issue of an encounter. In the British Two-Power Standard of strength, account is taken only of battle-ships, since of cruisers she needs a large number to protect her over-sea commerce.

* England is building two second and seven third-class protected cruisers.

† Russia has in hand three first-class protected cruisers and two of the second class.

‡ Germany's new protected cruisers are all of the third class.

§ The United States is building six second-class protected cruisers.

¶ One of the new Japanese protected cruisers is of the second class and the other two of the third.

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In battle-ships built Great Britain has a slight superiority over France and Russia combined, and each British vessel is of greater displacement and presumably of better fighting capacity; but in comparison with the Dual Alliance she has one battle-ship less under construction, while the United States alone has fourteen battle-ships building to the British fifteen, and Germany has eight, and is actually completing them for sea quicker than is the case in England.

This is not quite an accurate summary of the situation, because the Russian fleet is increasingly concentrated in the Far East, where England and Japan, if not the United States, would stand shoulder to shoulder in any probable cause of conflict. Consequently, Russia's fleet is divided into three parts, one in the Far East, one in the Black Sea, and one in the Baltic, and a widely distributed naval force is at a disadvantage, especially when, as in the case of Russia, the three sections are not linked by bases from which to draw supplies of coal. Great Britain, on the other hand, keeps only four of her forty-eight battle-ships outside the English Channel and the Mediterranean. While it is true, therefore, that the British navy is weaker relatively to the progress which has been made by the other Great Powers, she is not so badly off as the figures quoted would suggest. A noteworthy fact is the indication that the pendulum, which a few years ago seemed to be swinging towards a British fleet equal to the combined fleets of any three European Powers, has an inclination to return. The hot fever shows distinct signs of giving place to a cold fit, in part no doubt due to the financial burden of the late war and the rapid increase in all branches of national expenditure.

In quite another direction a remarkable awakening has taken place, and this has been an almost clear gain. For this the British people have to thank, in a large measure, the example set on a small scale by the German navy, methodical, determined, and practical. In the Naval Bill of 1900 which authorized the augmentation of the German fleet now in progress, this statement is made: "Our endeavors must be directed towards compensating for this superiority (of some other individual Powers) by the individual training of the crews, and by tactical training by practice in large bodies."

"Quality, not quantity," is the watchword of the German navy. In the British Isles it has at last been understood that the

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mere possession of ships will not suffice to achieve victory, that the trained human element—the student of war, the admiral in command of each squadron, the captain in the conning-tower controlling his ship, the executive and engineering officers at their several posts, the men behind the guns and in the magazines supplying shell and ammunition as swiftly as it can be fired—will influence the result of battle possibly more than a mere superiority in warlike material, and that behind the battle fleets must be an organization for war. It has been recognized that fast, straight shooting, not bright brass-work and pretty paint, is the essential precedent to victory, and that to increase the efficiency of the admirals and captains and the men at the guns and in the magazines is to add to the striking power of a navy more effectually than by building additional ships. President Roosevelt has admitted that there is a great difference in fighting capacity between certain races, but, he added:

"When the day of battle comes, the difference of race will be as nothing when compared with differences in thorough and practical training in advance. The victory in any contest will go to the man or nation that has earned it by thorough preparation. This preparation was absolutely necessary in the days of sailing ships; but the need for it is even greater now, if it is intended to get full benefit from the delicate and complicated mechanism of the formidable war-ships of the present day."

These words tell the secret of victory ashore and afloat, and especially afloat; and it is in this spirit that naval policy in England is being shaped. It is seen that the day may come when, in face of financial stress and keen rivalry, a navy planned on the generous scale of the past may be unattainable, and therefore what is lacking in quantity must be compensated for in the quality of material and highly trained *personnel*. Slowly, in British fashion, the administration and the fleet are adopting the motto of the great gunnery school at Whale Island, Portsmouth: *"Si vis pacem, para bellum."* Ten, even three, years ago, these words signified little; but month by month they are gaining fresh meaning, and policy is being moulded in accordance with their teaching.

On these lines much remains to be done, but much, very much, has been accomplished. Probably it is not too much to say that, compared with fifteen years ago, almost every ship in the fleet

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is of twice the fighting value that it was. The Admiralty has been not merely reorganized, but electrified into new life; the new fleet which has been built at a cost of over one hundred millions, sterling, has been placed in a state of "war readiness"; a new scheme for training officers and men for the complex ships of to-day, rather than for the old sailing ships of yesterday, has been introduced; and into the old bones of service-tradition and custom has been breathed a vitalizing spirit. Every detail in the control, organization, distribution, and equipment of the British navy has been searchingly reviewed. In the spring of the new century, the fleet has been spring-cleaned.

It is not until an effort is made to count the gain of the past few years—there has been no loss of the old spirit of the officers and men of Nelson's day, the *esprit de corps,* the willingness to take smooth and rough with good humor, the dogged courage and the adequate resourcefulness—that one realizes how fast events have moved. Putting aside the mere increase of ships and men which has proceeded more or less *pari passu* with the progress of other European Powers, much has been done to vindicate the mission of each British man-of-war to fight, if need be, and not to appear merely pretty and yachtlike—a temptation in all fighting forces in charge of men who believe cleanliness to be next to godliness, as Anglo-Saxons undoubtedly do.

In taking stock of Great Britain as a naval Power, much might be written about her added strength in the Mediterranean and the two new squadrons in her home waters; but the importance of all such actions can be judged only after careful examination of the movements of neighboring fleets. After all, the important fact is the recognition by the nation and by the naval authorities that organization and the training for war of the human element are the secret of victory. Not only are all the sea-going squadrons and bases in distant waters more adequately supplied than ever before, but there has been created and is now being created an entirely new fleet of auxiliary ships. For the impulse to this end the British people are indebted to the example of the American people in the late war with Spain, while in one instance a hospital ship was the gift of an American citizen, Mr. Baker of the Atlantic Transport Co. The Spanish-American War illustrated the need for auxiliaries of various types. It was seen that the highest efficiency of the fleet was to be obtained only if ade-

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quate supplies were forthcoming, colliers with coal, distilling ships with pure water, floating bases for small repairs, mother-ships for the care and maintenance of destroyers, telegraph ships for dealing with ocean cables, floating hospitals for succoring the wounded and removing them from the scene of action, and store ships for replenishing food and other requirements of an attacking force. On these lines much has already been accomplished, and year by year further provision is being made for perfecting this auxiliary fleet. In this respect Great Britain stands absolutely alone among the European Powers. Apart from the colliers of various types which have either been purchased or are under charter for use in case of war, the British navy has acquired or had adapted to their new service the following vessels: Distilling ship "Aquarius," the cost of which has been £55,400; repairing ship "Assistance," with foundry, machine tools, etc., built at an expense of £216,216; torpedo-depot ships "Vulcan," "Warrior," "Triumph," "Orion," "Audacious," "Invincible," and "Leander." Some of these ships are for sea-going duties, accompanying the destroyers, while others are of the stationary type, serving as bases to which torpedo craft can go for stores and repairs. The battle-ship "Audacious" has had £56,772 spent upon her to fit her for her new duties, and a sum exceeding £37,000 has been expended on the battle-ship "Invincible," while for the cruiser "Leander's" refit £56,511 has been assigned. There are, in addition to these, the hospital ship "Maine," now doing duty in the Mediterranean, and additional store ships which have been purchased or specially built and equipped. Craft are provided for in the Estimates for 1903-4 for supplying oil to ships at sea which burn this type of fuel. Cable ships, belonging to private owners, are under contract for Admiralty use in time of war. Additional hospital ships have been arranged for, and will be speedily fitted out when war threatens.

The provision of these auxiliary ships is one of the most significant features of recent British development; and other vessels are to follow.

Ten years ago, or less, gunnery in the British squadrons was largely neglected, and cases have been sworn to of ammunition which was thrown overboard so as to avoid the trouble and dirt and injury to paint-work consequent on firing it, on the one hand, and the explanations following on its return to stores, on

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the other. A young lieutenant of the fleet, a gunnery enthusiast and since promoted to commander, drew attention, in a series of anonymous articles in May, 1895, to the neglect of shooting, while Captain Percy Scott, in the cruisers "Scylla" and "Terrible," showed by his ship's records how startlingly bad the practice made with the guns of the fleet had become, and a revolution has been effected. Gunnery is no longer shelved. It has become on many ships the standard of warlike efficiency, as it should be and will be on every ship under the newly awakened official recognition of its supreme importance in a fighting-ship. From the King downwards, every effort is being made to arouse all the officers and men in the fleet to a keen emulation of the best records. Quick coaling of ships has long been one of the evolutions in which the greatest rivalry has been evinced. Competition in filling the bunkers with fuel is desirable, since the sooner it is accomplished in time of war the sooner the ships will be available to take their places in the squadrons for duty. Now gunnery has been raised, by public promptings of the authorities, to the chief place in the drills of officers and men, and has taken rank even above coaling ship. Contrary to all precedent, the British Admiralty have decided to publish annually a list of ships in their order of merit as regards gunnery efficiency, and the King has approved the bestowal of a medal upon the men who are returned as the best shots with each class of gun in each ship, subject to their performances being up to a fixed standard of merit. The medal will be the permanent possession of the winner, and in each year that he holds this distinction he will be paid a bonus as an official recognition, and in addition he will share the prize money as at present. It is hoped that publicity of the records and desire for the Royal medals will lead to an increase in the rivalry for gunnery efficiency, and steps have been taken to insure that the firing is carried out in accord with strict service regulations.

At last the officers and men are to be trained for a mechanical navy. Up to the present, they have been fitted for a fleet of sailing ships and have learnt an immense amount of the lore of an art which has ceased to have any bearing on the conduct of war afloat. In future, every officer and every man will be a mechanician, and every shred of the old routine which has no influence on his future life, either as navigator, gunner, torpedo expert, signaller, or trained mechanician, will be banished; while

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at the Greenwich College a course of study in tactics and strategy for senior officers has already more than fulfilled expectations.

Even at the Admiralty itself, reform has left its mark. In 1889 there was no Intelligence Department. Now the "Thinking Department" of the administration is a large and well-equipped office, which keeps the members of the Board of Admiralty informed of all that is going on in the navies of the world, and devotes attention to the ever-changing problems suggested by the defence of over-sea commerce and an Empire which is distributed over the seas of the world. A new scheme affecting the whole Admiralty as a naval War Office is now in course of adoption. It aims at securing that "each department at the Admiralty," to quote the Earl of Selborne, the First Lord, "shall at the same time as the fleet is mobilized for war, be able to mobilize itself for war administration, and that as little as possible shall be left for decision when war breaks out: every department will expand automatically and know exactly how to 'carry on' without referring to the Board for instructions." This in itself is a revolution, for in British history of all the centuries of warfare no naval or military department has ever been ready for hostilities. The ports and squadrons are organized on a basis that will enable instant expansion to a war footing, and the central administration is being modelled in the same mould.

These and other more detailed achievements in the careful preparation for war are of more account than the building of skeleton ships, a mob of targets for the guns of any enemy better trained. Consequently, in face of many depressing circumstances in Europe, the British people have little reason to be discouraged, though it may be that in the future the British fleet will not occupy its traditional position of numerical superiority in comparison with other Powers, unless the Colonies volunteer more financial assistance than they now render.

In every branch of the British service, a new energetic spirit is apparent, and the confident and almost careless attitude handed down from the hard-fought battle of Trafalgar is being banished, now that the truth is realized that victory in the hour of battle will go to the men who win it by constant and thorough training in times of peace.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

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WHY THE PANAMA ROUTE WAS ORIGINALLY CHOSEN.

BY CRISANTO MEDINA, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM GUATEMALA TO FRANCE.

THE first Scientific Congress held in Europe to study the Central-American Canal question met in Antwerp in 1871. At that Convention resolutions were passed, recommending to the attention of all Europe a project submitted by Mr. de Gogorza, who, it was thought at the time, had discovered a new route that solved the Canal problem, between the rivers Tuyra and Atrato.

The Geographical Convention held in Paris in 1875 treated the Canal question at great length, provoking long and serious discussions among the world's foremost authorities. It was then proposed to call together an International Congress to study and pass upon all projects submitted, and to decide in favor of that which presented the most practicable features. The Geographical Society of Paris, seconded by the Society of Commercial Geography, took the initiative in the organizing of that Congress. De Lesseps's towering figure was already noticeably conspicuous at those meetings.

The scheme was first to obtain the approval of the International Congress to some plan, and at once organize an international company under the presidency of De Lesseps to undertake the work of construction. With this object a syndicate was formed in Paris, which, in turn, appointed a technical commission to go to the Isthmus and report on the best and most practicable means of carrying the work through to a speedy completion.

This syndicate was practically organized through the influence of De Lesseps, although General Türr was its nominal chairman. No time was lost in raising the requisite funds for equipping the expedition, which was soon in readiness. This Commission sailed

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from Saint Nazaire on the steamer "Lafayette," bound for Colon, on the 6th of November, 1876.

In the party were the engineer Réclus, the unfortunate Italian officer Bixio, Victor Celler, and six other engineers under the orders of Lucien N. B. Wyse, Lieutenant in the French Navy.

I had the good fortune to be a fellow passenger on the "Lafayette" on that voyage, and, as many of the members of the Commission were personal friends of mine, I had every opportunity of assuring myself that none of them had, at that time, any special interest in favoring any particular project, but that they were all resolved to decide in favor of the route that appeared to them the easiest and most economical, and were prepared to make all necessary contracts before returning to Europe.

During the voyage the different members of the Commission, especially Wyse and Bixio, repeatedly impressed me with the decisive importance of their mission, assuring me that, as soon as their surveys were completed, the work of construction would be undertaken without delay, thanks to the power and influence of De Lesseps, in whom Europe had reposed unlimited confidence after the success of the Suez Canal.

I was much pleased with their enthusiasm, and, naturally enough, did not waste a single opportunity to impress them with the immense advantages of the Nicaraguan route; pointing out the greater clemency of the climate, the great abundance of timber, the facilities of living, the presence of game, fish, and fruits, and the comparative density of population.

Their intention was, then, to visit Nicaragua as soon as their surveys and reports on Panama were completed, and their contract with the Colombian government signed, in order to study the Nicaraguan route, so that they might return to Europe equipped with every detail necessary to enable the International Congress to decide on either route in an impartial spirit.

Upon Lieutenant Wyse's return to Europe, however, it was found that he had only entered into a contract with the Colombian government for the construction of the Panama Canal.

It appeared that, for reasons which it is unnecessary to go into in this paper, Lieutenant Wyse had been unable to come to terms with the Government of Nicaragua. It was, therefore, self-evident that Lieutenant Wyse and all his associates in the Türr syndicate were obliged to be stanch supporters of the Panama route.

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Such was the status of affairs when the meeting of the International Congress was called to make its definite decision on the Canal matter.

This Convention met in Paris, holding its sessions in the Geographical Society's Building, from the 15th to the 29th of May, 1879. There were present sixty-two foreign delegates, representing Germany, Austria, Belgium, China, Spain, the United States, Great Britain, Colombia, Hawaii, Holland, Mexico, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, Russia, Switzerland, and Peru. Of the Central-American Republics only three were represented: Salvador, by the eminent writer, José Maria Torres Caicedo, a Colombian by birth; Costa Rica, by Manuel M. de Peralta; and Guatemala, which I represented.

Besides the sixty-two foreign delegates, there were present, as members of the Congress, over eighty French delegates, many of them engineers of distinction, and almost all men of talent and worth; but all selected, appointed, and inspired by De Lesseps. On these men he could rely as the controlling majority necessary to insure the triumph of his unyielding will.

The Convention was divided up into five "Special Committees." I had the honor of being elected vice-president of the first Committee, whose task it was to estimate the probable earnings of the Canal on the basis of existing data and statistics of trade. The result of our calculations was an estimated tonnage of 7,250,000 tons.

In spite of these enormous figures, it was found necessary to raise the rate previously fixed for toll or canal dues; and, even then, the anticipated total earnings were barely sufficient to pay the interest on the capital necessary to build the canal through Panama, though ample for the Nicaragua project, where the estimated cost of construction was much lower.

The learned Levasseur, Chairman of our Committee, in an extensive and carefully prepared report (too long and tiresome, however, to quote for the purposes of this article), figured the annual increase in traffic that might be anticipated in fifteen years. It would be interesting to-day to compare his estimates with actual traffic returns, but such a comparison, however valuable it might be in establishing new estimates for the future, is foreign to our present purpose.

The fourth Committee, composed of the most eminent engineers

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in the world, was assigned to study, from a purely technical point of view, the advantages offered, and the engineering difficulties presented, by each of the projects submitted to the Convention. Project after project was passed upon and thrown out, until the two or three really serious ones presented, remained before the board for consideration. These related to Panama and Nicaragua.

The French engineers, from the start, were unanimous in endorsing the Panama Canal project submitted by Lieutenant Wyse; for the construction of which, moreover, he submitted copies of the contract entered into with the Colombian government, as before stated.

At one of these sessions, the Secretary of the Committee read a letter received from Mr. Lucien Puydt, complaining that his project had not received proper consideration. In it he says:

"In the light of recent developments, I have come to the conclusion that the International Congress was convened for but one purpose: that of assuring a definite victory for Mr. Wyse's project; that only such projects as may possibly be privileged with the distinction of the same Mr. Wyse's protection will even deserve the attention of this Congress; that the projects and labors of his predecessors must be swept aside and forgotten to make room for those he attributes to himself; that the International Congress would not be in existence if Mr. Wyse did not happen to exist; that Mr. De Lesseps is solely interested in the financial future of his 'Company,' and that the opening of the Canal from the standpoint of universal interest and benefit is entirely a secondary consideration depending on the acceptance, by the International Congress, of his protegé's project."

These unvarnished expressions, that at the time savored of brutal frankness, had a certain effect on the impartial members of the Congress.

The reason that De Lesseps gave for preferring the Panama route was made to appear as a purely technical one, viz.: the necessity of a canal of uniform grade; but the real truth was, that he feared that, if the Convention were to decide in favor of Nicaragua, the government of that republic would insist on terms that would endanger the realization of the enterprise.

It so happened that a change of government had taken place in Nicaragua on the eve of the meeting of the International Congress. President Chamorro had been succeeded in office, on March 1st, 1879, by General Zavala. Prior to this, the govern-

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ment had signed a contract with M. Blanchet for the construction of a canal in Nicaragua; but, when presented to the Senate for approval, that body had refused to ratify it. This led President Zavala to declare, in a letter that was read at one of the sessions of the Congress, that he was determined never to enter into any contract whatever, for the building of a Nicaragua Canal, during his term of office. The effect of this Presidential declaration on the members of the International Congress can be readily appreciated.

The foreign engineers, notwithstanding, continued to strive for the acceptance of the Nicaragua route, realizing its superior advantages from a practical standpoint.

The only objection that the French engineers could make was that, in Nicaragua, a system of locks would be indispensable. This point was argued at great length. In a masterly speech, Sir John Hawkshaw, the famous English engineer, proved mathematically the absolute impossibility of building a canal of uniform grade across the Isthmus of Panama, and further predicted that, even with the use of locks, the Panama route would present insurmountable obstacles. Sir John's prognostications impressed many of his colleagues who shared his views; and his arguments, as well as those of other eminent engineers, soon began to turn the tide in favor of the Nicaraguan project.

The delegation from the United States were ardent partisans of the Nicaragua route; so were the Dutch and Belgian representatives. Gradually, every one of the foreign commissions endorsed that project, until finally, without a single exception, every foreign delegate championed the Nicaraguan project. At this juncture, during one of the last meetings of the Congress, De Lesseps called me aside, and said:

"The majority seems to be in favor of Nicaragua. I have personally no interest one way or the other, especially as any outlay for expenses incurred by the Türr-Wyse surveying party can be refunded by the new Company. It would however be necessary to come first to an understanding with the Nicaraguan government as to the general bases of a contract; otherwise, if the Congress votes in favor of Nicaragua and we then send a Commissioner to deal with that government, without any previous understanding, the result will be that Nicaragua will demand such conditions and terms as to render the entire project out of the question. Is there any one here authorized to make any offer in the name of the Nicaraguan government?"

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Unfortunately, I knew too well that there was not. I assured M. De Lesseps, however, as a friend and citizen of the Central-American Republic, that Nicaragua was too keenly alive to its own interests to take undue advantage of such a situation, and I used every effort to persuade him to allow the Convention to make a free and impartial decision.

All my arguments were, however, of no avail in the face of the fears entertained by De Lesseps and the pressure brought to bear by the Colombian syndicate, whose every energy was at work in an effort to secure a decision in favor of Panama.

De Lesseps then threw off his mantle of indifference and vacillation; and, going before the Convention, declared himself boldly and openly in favor of Panama, confident of carrying the vote of all the French engineers present.

When the foreign representatives understood what was taking place, they, almost to a man, abstained from voting, so much so that, at the decisive moment, only eight of us voted in favor of Nicaragua.

On the other hand, seventy-eight ballots were cast in favor of Panama. The remainder preferred to reserve their vote rather than attempt to oppose the irresistible will of him who was then "*Le Grand Français,*" but who in after years, broken in heart and spirit, died a lingering death in his country place, in peaceful ignorance of the criminal proceedings through which the Courts of Justice of Paris were making him, and his son Charles, responsible for the sins and prevarications of an infamous ring of swindlers.

CRISANTO MEDINA.

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RIVAL SYSTEMS AND THE MALAYAN PEOPLES.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD, C.M.G.

THE peoples of the Malayan stock, which of old was the dominant race in a portion of the mainland of southeastern Asia and in the neighboring archipelagoes, have seemingly been marked out in an especial manner to be the victims of a strange variety of experiments. Collectively, rabbits, it is popularly supposed, fare worse than other members of the brute creation at the hands of vivisectors; and, similarly, the Malayans, above their fellows, have been selected by the caprice of fate to fill the patient's bench in a vaster laboratory. But here the shining scalpels are religious systems and rival theories of administration, and the blood let flows, not from individual veins, but from the hearts of nations.

Malayans, in different localities and at various times, have been converted to Hinduism, to Mohammedanism, and to Christianity: some have been conquered and ruled by the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the British; and now the republicans of the West are trying to induce a section of this Oriental race to accept the citizenship of the United States as their eventual destiny.

The history of Hinduism among the Malayan peoples is obscure; but at one time it was the prevailing cult, and traces of it still linger in the incantations and magic observances of the Malay medicine-men. The ruins of temples in Java bear witness to the firm root which it had once taken in that island, and it survives to this day, albeit in a degenerate form, in Lômbok and Bâli.

During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries of our era, however, the faith of Mohammed spread gradually, through the agency of Arabian and Persian traders, from Âcheh in Sumatra to the islands of the Celébes group and to the Sûlu Archipelago—which geographically forms the southern extremity of the Philippines—thus gaining a long start in the race with its

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rival, Christianity. The magnificent doctrine which bids men believe in a single Deity is a conception that has always made a strong appeal to the Malayan imagination, wherefore the new creed quickly submerged the rude pantheism of the Malayans, and as easily routed Hinduism from most of its strongholds.

The Cross was first planted among a Malayan people who had not already accepted Mohammedanism in 1521, when Magellan cast anchor in the harbor of Cebu, and proceeded, as was the fashion of his age, to spread the love of God and of our neighbors by the aid of some of man's least amiable devices, such as thumbscrews and the like. It was not until 1565, however, that Legaspi landed in Luzon, and, with the help of a handful of brave Spaniards and his band of redoubtable friars, set about the conquest of the archipelago in the name of His Most Catholic Majesty. Even the zeal and love of a Xavier had availed nothing in the Malay Peninsula, for the Mohammedan faith, which is propped by pride and hate, holding as its first principle that the professors of other creeds are deserving only of contempt, had already gripped the people in that region, and against its calm, unquestioning self-content Christianity has never yet prevailed. In the Philippines, however, the Spanish friars had a virgin field in which to work, and the conquest of the huge archipelago was accomplished by them, by their fearless devotion, their noble self-sacrifice, and the attraction which the great truths they taught had for the Filipinos, rather than by the swords of Legaspi's knights.

Thus we find to-day the Malayan peoples professing Mohammedanism in the Peninsula and the Archipelago, Christianity in the Philippines, but retaining in each place something of the rude pantheism which was their natural religion. The Mohammedan Malays are probably the laxest of all the Prophet's adherents: the Filipinos are among the most completely *pas pratiquants* of Roman Catholics: and the conclusion which the observer must draw from a study of these people is, that neither Christianity nor Mohammedanism has had any power materially to alter them.

Passing from a consideration of the religions professed by the Malayans to an examination of the various systems of administration which have been imposed upon them by Europeans, a similar conclusion is forced upon our recognition. Though they have come into contact with races of such different character as the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the British, and have been submitted

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by them to treatment dictated by methods and principles which in each case are strongly individual, the Malays continue to be what Nature, not man, has made them. No matter what their circumstances, what the manner in which their fate has been ordered, no matter whose the hands to which the framing of their destiny has been intrusted, through everything there crop up the inextinguishable tendencies of a people wedded to fantastic beliefs, essentially unmoral, cursed by an apathetic indolence and a childish incontinuity of purpose.

Of the Portuguese system little need be said, for the earliest of their European conquerors were driven from the Malayan lands when Malacca fell to the joint-attack of the Dutch and the Achehnese in 1641. Of the methods of administration employed by the Spaniards in the Philippines, too, no detailed examination is necessary. It is enough to say that it continued to the end to be incredibly inefficient, hopelessly corrupt, wholly divorced from any altruistic consideration for the real welfare of the governed, and that it was further marred by injustice, bigotry, greed, cruelty, and stupidity. In so far as contact with their Spanish rulers has had any influence at all upon the Malayan people of the Philippines, it has tended to emphasize, rather than to diminish, their innate faults and weaknesses of character and habit.

The methods employed in the government of Malayans by the Dutch and British merit careful attention; for both the Dutch and the British have, for longer or shorter periods, been engaged in this particular task; the efforts of both have, to all outward seeming, been attended with a fair measure of success; yet each has been actuated by wholly different principles, has worked on different lines, and has attained to distinct results.

To take the Dutch system first, the ruling theory of Holland has always been what was the principle of all the white nations when in the beginning they sought possessions over sea. That is to say, the *raison d'être* of a colony is supposed to lie in its ability to yield material advantages to the mother-country, and to grant special privileges to those of her offspring who may elect to seek their fortune away from home. The Dutch have worked out their system upon this hypothesis with characteristic thoroughness. Finding their share of the East Indies thickly populated by an indolent, ease-loving brown people, they early perceived that, unless some means could be devised of stimulating these men to

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perform a fair share of toil for the benefit of the community at large, the Malayan possessions of Holland would fail to fulfil the requirements demanded of them by the mother-country. Accordingly, they hit upon the plan of so taxing the native population that, unless each individual devoted himself to work, with something as nearly approaching energy as a man of Malayan blood can compass, no margin should be left over for the support of himself and his family, after the demands of the government had been satisfied. In pursuit of this plan a bewildering number of burdens were imposed upon the natives of the Dutch colonies. They were called upon to pay a poll-tax, as soon as each male attained to the age of puberty, as a preliminary justification of their existence; a tax was put upon their land; a tithe was taken of their crops; in many districts agriculturists were required to set aside a portion of their land whereon to grow produce which was a government monopoly, and which, as such, was taken over by the administration at about sixty per cent. of its market value. In addition to this, the Dutch made the natives responsible for the up-keep and maintenance of the roads constructed through or near their villages, and forced them further to devote a certain number of days in each year, free of wage, to work upon the estates of European planters in their vicinity. In this way, the government of Netherlands-India derived a large revenue, and was able to remit satisfactory sums to Holland wherewith to swell the surpluses of the mother-country. Of late years, the capabilities of the colonies in this direction have been greatly restricted, for not only has the revenue itself declined, owing to bad seasons, but the constant drain on the local treasuries caused by the thirty-years' war in Acheh has led to serious financial difficulties. The Dutch system, however, has in other ways continued to produce the results expected of it, for the inhabitants of the colonies have, to some extent, been made diligent by law. That is to say, they have learned to work as hard as they know how—not because they like it, but because they must starve if they do not toil.

But is the Malay population contented? If it be contented, how account for the frequent rebellions against its Dutch rulers? How account for the eagerness which the natives of Netherlands-India display to emigrate, whenever the opportunity serves, to the lands of British Malaya, whence no counter-stream of emigrants flows to the colonies ruled by Holland? How, too, account

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for the scarcely veiled sympathy with which the struggle in Âcheh has been watched throughout the length and breadth of the Dutch possessions, a consciousness of which has done more than aught else to force the government to continue, for nearly thirty years, a war of extermination of which Dutchmen are heartily weary and more than a little ashamed? How, too, account for the elaborate precautions against insurrection which are habitually taken in all Dutch stations, even in Batavia itself—the orders promulgated, the *rendezvous* appointed as rallying-points for the European inhabitants, and the constant, galling emphasis which is persistently laid upon the inferiority of the native, as compared with the European, for the purpose of impressing upon him his impotence? These things any observer of average intelligence who visits the Dutch Indies may discover for himself; and he will find the explanation in the undeniable fact that the system in force is, from its very nature, repugnant to the character, the feelings and the pride of a Malayan people. And, more dangerous still, the difference in the treatment meted out to the European and the Asiatic has its reason, from the point of view of the native, not in a dissimilarity of color, but in the accident of creed. "Are Mohammedans permitted to travel in these carriages?" a Malay asked the present writer at the railway-station in Batavia, indicating a first-class compartment. To one who knew the race to which the inquirer belonged, that simple question conveyed a sinister meaning; for it spoke of the devotees of the proudest religion in the world forced to accept a position of inferiority by reason of their adherence to the Prophet's creed. Such a question could never have been put, in that particular form, by a Malay of the British Protectorate: that it came quite naturally, instinctively, from the lips of a Malay of Batavia is, perhaps, more crushing testimony than aught else could be to the radical unsoundness of the Dutch system. No government of an Oriental race by white men can flourish, and fulfil the ends of its being, unless it rest ultimately upon the will of the vast majority of the governed.

The methods devised by the British for the administration of the Malay Peninsula present as strong a contrast to those in favor with the Dutch as it would be possible to find. From the first, the Native States of British Malaya have been regarded by their English rulers as countries held in trust for their native inhabitants, the people who, according to this view of the matter, have to them

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an inalienable right. The temptation to depart from this governing principle has been happily reduced to a minimum, by the extraordinary wealth which these countries have developed and the prosperity which has resulted from the exploitation of their mineral deposits. During the past twenty years, the tin exported from the Peninsula has represented an appreciable fraction of the world's out-put of that metal, amounting in some cases to more than half of the whole. This has given the government of Malaya ample funds with which to open up the country, and at the present time more than 2,250 miles of road have been constructed, and by the end of 1903 no less than 340 miles of railway will be open to traffic. All these and other public works, too, have been paid for out of current revenue, without recourse being had to loans; while the taxes paid by the Malayan population work out at the inconsiderable figure of a trifle over two Mexican dollars per head. When all has been said that can be said, however, the fact remains that, under British rule, not a penny has been diverted from the states which yield the revenue to the government of Great Britain or to the neighboring colony of the Straits Settlements; that every farthing that Malaya has yielded has been devoted to the development of the country; that the actual cost of administration amounts to only 17.63 per cent. of the revenue, and that the native population, which has been relieved of a grinding tyranny and the galling exactions and mulctings inseparable from native rule, is called upon to contribute a quite insignificant sum towards the cost of government. In one direction, an European administration must always appear to a Malayan people to be more oppressive than its own râjas, for the latter, by reason of their very inefficiency, are precluded from despoiling their people as thoroughly as they desire, while the white men's systematic methods insure the collection of all taxes which may be imposed, without leaving any loopholes for evasion. When, as is the case in the Dutch colonies, the taxes are excessive, this efficiency becomes in itself an object of bitter detestation to the natives; but in British Malaya the tax burden is so light that even the monotonous regularity of its collection can be forgiven to the government.

Starting with the theory that the British hold these lands only in trust for the native population, care has been taken to give this principle full expression in practice. The government has conceived that it has no right to deprive its Malayan subjects of a

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single shred of their personal liberty. In all matters that touch the native population, even remotely, the closest attention is paid to native opinion, feelings, and susceptibilities. Every official is required to possess a working knowledge of the vernacular, and men are selected for the posts of District Officer, and for other appointments which bring them into close contact with the natives, for their knowledge and understanding of Malay character and idiosyncrasy and for their profound sympathy with the people. Holding firmly to the belief, for which their past history supplies ample grounds, that men of the Malayan race are incapable of wise or just self-government, the British administration holds forth to its subjects no delusive prospect of ultimate autonomy, but it is at great pains to consult the wishes of the Malays in all matters that affect their interests, and its practice has been consistently to lead, rather than to drive, them along the path in which they should go. Also, though it regards the natural indolence of the Malays with profound regret, the respect which it entertains for the personal liberty of the individual restrains it from compelling him to engage against his will in the labor which he from his soul abhors. In this region, as in all Malayan lands, Nature is very loving to her children, giving them full measure, pressed down and running over, in return for the veriest minimum of grudging toil; wherefore, though the Malays are suffered to loiter away their lives in the fashion that best commends itself to them, there is no poverty among them, no poor-rates because there are no Malay paupers, no starving unemployed because there is land enough for every one and a little scratching of it yields a generous crop. The result is a thoroughly and justly contented native population, relieved, as by a miracle, from the tyranny under which their fathers groaned, taxed lightly, and endowed with a measure of personal liberty which finds no parallel in their past history; and it is upon this general contentment, this popular allegiance to the new régime, that British rule in Malaya stands four-square, "broad-based upon a people's will."

But, in order to insure to the Malays the enjoyment of complete liberty—which, in their case, means the concession to them of the right to shun unnecessary toil—while at the same time developing the resources of the country in an adequate manner, the British government has been under the obligation of removing all restrictions from the free immigration of Chinese and other

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aliens, the men who are fitted by their character and predilections to act as the working-bees of the hive. The whole vast question of Chinese immigration will be found, I think, when reduced to its simplest elements, to be governed by the old, unchangeable, natural law of the survival of the fittest. If we apply this law to any special region, we shall find that in certain localities the law of nature would allow the Chinese immigrant to increase and multiply, while in others the working of the same law would lead to his speedy extinction. For instance, in a temperate climate, such as that of California or New South Wales, the Chinaman could survive, when brought into competition with a white population, only if all manner of artificial means were devised for his protection and for the circumvention of the law of nature. In Malayan lands, on the other hand, he would thrive in similar circumstances, because there his is the race best fitted to survive, and because he is needed to supply a want in the character of the native inhabitants. In such places, left to himself, he would rush in in his thousands, as inevitably as air flows into a vacuum, and any attempt directed towards his exclusion is an artificial contrivance designed to frustrate the natural law. In their Malayan colonies, the Dutch have partially excluded the in-rush of the industrious Chinese, by forcing the immigrants to occupy a gallingly inferior position. In British Malaya, the Chinese have been welcomed with open arms, have been allowed the free enjoyment of their liberty and their wealth, and have been utilized for the development of the country. Lacking their aid, it is safe to say, the Malay States of the Peninsula could never have attained to their present pitch of phenomenal prosperity, and their resources could only have been exploited at all at the sacrifice of that principle upon which British rule in these lands is based.

I have left myself but little space in which to draw the moral which, in my opinion, is to be deduced from these facts—the moral applicable to America's new departure in the Philippines.

The Dutch system, it may be premised, is one which will not readily commend itself to the people of the United States. The main principle underlying it they will instinctively discard, for, though they may not desire to see the Philippines continuing indefinitely to make large demands upon the public purse, they entertain no expectation or wish that the islands should contribute directly to the revenues of the mother-country. All that is

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hoped for, then, is that the archipelago may become prosperous, and that its inhabitants may attain to such a measure of happiness and well-being as a government has it in its power to bestow.

Similarly, it is probable that there will be found much in the British method of administration in Malaya which is antagonistic to American ideas. The calm recognition of the fact—for Englishmen who have won an understanding of the character of the Malayan peoples hold it to be a fact as undeniable as the law of gravity itself—that men of this race are, by reason of their innate limitations, incapable of self-government, will not come to them save through the channel of long and, it may be, bitter experience. The cry of "the Philippines for the Filipinos" will doubtless be raised, and the Chinese will, to that end, be rigorously excluded. The hope will be entertained—a generous hope, but based upon a misconception of the capabilities of the race—that the natives of the Philippines can be educated, trained, elevated until they shall be fitted to take their place as citizens of an over-seas State of the Union: and, as long as these illusions remain undispelled, so long will American administrators in the archipelago labor out their lives in a task like that of Sisyphus.

As I have said, the desire of the United States is twofold: to see the Philippines raised to a fair measure of material prosperity, and to bring to the islanders personal liberty and happiness. But, alas, the character and nature of the Malayan races being what it is, these two objects are mutually antagonistic the one to the other, provided always that the archipelago is to be treated as a mere fraction of the Union, in defiance of the immutable facts of geography and of the wholly different circumstances which prevail in it and in America. For, in this case, what is sauce for the goose is by no means necessarily sauce for the gander: what may fit a State of the Union to perfection may spell economical suicide in the Philippines. If the resources of the islands are to be developed, if the new possession is to become self-supporting, labor must be forthcoming, and if the stream of Chinese immigration is to be obstructed by barriers, that labor must be supplied by the native population. And here we encounter the real crux of the situation; for men of the Malayan stock will not work more than their very few wants make inevitable, if left to their own devices as in British Malaya, unless they be compelled to do so, as in the Dutch Indies. In the one case, they become un-

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profitable and unsatisfactory members of the community; in the other they are sullen, discontented, ripe for revolt, and constitute a perpetual menace to the men who have taken upon themselves unasked the ordering of their destinies.

The solution of this problem will, I conceive, be readily suggested by the sanguine spirit of the American people. "Granted," they will say, "that the Filipino of to-day is what you declare him to be, a Malay of the Malays, a brown man whom circumstances have Latinized; but why, in the sacred name of Education, should he be denied the capability of improvement? We will take him in hand, as neither the Dutch nor the British have ever done. We will educate, train, develop him. We will awake in him that divine discontent which is the foundation of all desire for better things. We will arouse his slumbering ambition, increase his wants and with them his ability to satisfy them. Thus we shall stimulate his patriotism, strengthen his character, enable him to grasp the white man's views of life and duty, and in the end shall so transform him that he shall learn to govern himself and to take his place among the citizens of the Union!"

There speaks the hopefulness and the energy of the Anglo-Saxon, ever ready and eager to undertake great enterprises, ever triumphantly confident in the efficiency of the machinery at his command: but there also speaks the spirit of the white man who has not come into contact with the grim facts of the oldest continent upon earth; the energy which has no knowledge of the sheer, dead inertia of the Malayan peoples; the ignorance to which no long residence in this land of darkness under sun-glare has brought its flood of dreary enlightenment. A homely proverb supplies the crushing retort: "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" In other words, you cannot leave the personal element out of the calculation: you must make allowances for human nature, as it is, not as it ought to be: you must accept the Malayan peoples as God and their climate have fashioned them—as races on the decline, races which expended their share of energy ere ever the history of the Anglo-Saxons had had its obscure beginnings, as races which have had their day and can never be galvanized into new, artificial life by no matter what strenuous endeavor, no matter what lavish expenditure of intelligence and devotion. Another fact, too, calls for recognition. The education of the Malays has been, is being, attempted by the Dutch

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and the British, both races, be it remembered, which have at their service a tremendous accumulated experience of Orientals, and the results are the reverse of encouraging.

There is yet one more factor in the problem which I would urge upon the attention of American readers. Both Holland and Great Britain are small, thickly-populated countries, which are altogether too cramped to afford accommodation for all their children. Thus there has never been any lack of Dutchmen and of Englishmen, of the required calibre, willing to accept lifelong exile in Malaya as their lot, receiving as their reward a quite trifling pecuniary recompense. From these European countries it has been men of superior, rather than of inferior, energy and ability who have gone far afield in search of room in which to live; but the conditions of the United States are wholly different. For many years to come, there will still be many partially undeveloped lands to be exploited nearer at hand than the Philippine Archipelago. Congestion of population, as it is understood in England or Holland, does not exist in the States taken as a whole, and therefore there is reason to question whether Americans of the required character will be found ready to accept banishment in an uncongenial climate as their fate. For it must be borne in mind that, if the work undertaken in the Philippines is to yield any good fruit at all, it must be done by men who are prepared to devote their whole lives to it. An intimate knowledge of the character, the customs, views, and language of the natives of the islands is essential, and this can only be gained by long study on the spot. Yet, if the American theory of administration is to have even a bare chance of success, the *personnel* of the Civil Service is of vastly more vital importance to the United States in the Philippines than it is to Great Britain or to Holland in their Eastern possessions; for the theory is based upon the hope that Americans will be able to achieve a feat which the British and the Dutch have failed to accomplish. I have expressed an uncompromising opinion concerning the feasibility of that project: the hopes of its fulfilment will be rendered yet more desperate unless the tools at the disposal of the American government be quite extraordinarily efficient; for in Eastern lands it is the rank and file of the rulers, rather than the men at the head of the service, who chiefly influence the people whom they govern.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

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THE IDEAL OF A UNIVERSITY.

BY CHARLES WALDSTEIN, PROFESSOR IN CLASSICAL ARCHAEOLOGY (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY) AND FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

A University is educational because it is scientific; a school is scientific because it is educational.

It is not so much a question of science taking cognizance of life, as of life taking cognizance of science.

THERE has never been a period when, as at the present moment, the question of education—especially of higher university education—has been so prominently in the minds of the English-speaking nations as a question of practical interest. There are several causes which have conduced to this wide-spread and active interest; though none of these alone can be said to be the really efficient one. First, a need for reform has been realized and urged from within, *i. e.*, by the teachers and officials of the universities themselves. Then, public munificence has in England as well as in America been directed towards the universities, and the question has naturally arisen as to the best uses to which wealth thus bestowed can be put. Lastly, the needs of actual, material life, the necessity of regulating commerce and industry—all the arts of peace and war—by the highest intelligence available in the nation, have been felt more strongly than ever before. It has been realized that those countries in which the highest intellectual education is most directly and immediately brought to bear upon the problems of actual life, where science and life, so far from being divorced, are most closely wedded together in united action towards the increase of public efficiency and prosperity, that those nations are advancing rapidly; while those where this is not the case are likely to fall into retrogression, whatever may be their

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natural resources and the strength of their tradition of national wealth or predominance.

As regards the movement for university reform from within, there have been in America and Great Britain a number of thoughtful and experienced university teachers who have the interests of their own universities at heart, as they constantly bring enthusiasm and intelligence to bear upon the problem of advancing science and improving the intellectual life of the nation to which they belong. Their number in English-speaking countries is great, and they may fairly be said to represent the leaders of the nation's intelligence. In America, I would single out one name among a host, as the man who has done more than any other in following up his expressed views by the actual organization of a university embodying, for the time being, the elements of modern needs in a tangible example and model university, the very establishment of which has gone far to influence the spirit and the work of all the other American universities—I mean Dr. Gilman, the first President of the Johns Hopkins University.

In England, the most momentous reform of the great English universities, during more than six centuries of continuous activity, was initiated with the new statutes which came into operation in 1880. This reform, approaching near to a revolution of the whole system, had its origin within the universities themselves, and was supported by the majority of university teachers at Oxford and Cambridge, who (with all fairness to the more conservative students who acted in all conscientiousness) may be said to have represented the most prominent teachers and researches in the universities and in the country. If, for the sake of symmetry, I were to select one name as a leading representative of this movement, I should single out that of the late Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge.

But the intellectual atmosphere within the universities of both countries had, for a long time, been modified and prepared by the fact that a large number of university teachers in both countries have travelled and studied abroad, especially at the universities of Germany. While there imbibing the current methods of learning and research, they realized the ideals which underlie and actuate the intellectual life of German universities, as well as the elements in which these differed from the ideals current in their own country. Such comparative study, besides freeing their

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minds from provincial prejudice, and raising their standards of academic efficiency, brought home to them with great force the crying need for academic reforms in their own universities.

As regards the action of public munificence: A number of new universities and colleges have been founded in the United States, as well as in the provinces of England, by private generosity. Many of these new American universities are excellent and promising foundations. In many cases, however, the means supplied are ludicrously inadequate for the maintenance—not to speak of the higher development—of real universities. Frequently these new institutions were started in localities where there already existed one or more colleges of ancient standing, which were merely in want of financial support to rise to a higher state of efficiency. In a country which has the inestimable advantage of a large number of higher institutions of learning, diffused all over the land, the question is not so much one of extension as of concentration. The injudicious foundation of such ill-equipped new bodies has not only burdened the land with an intellectual incubus and obligation; but it has seriously jeopardized the development of the older institutions—both together tending to prevent any approach to an ideal university education and a consequent advance of the intellectual vitality of the nation. Had the misguided philanthropists bestowed their funds for the endowment of new studies or new chairs in the existing institutions; or better, for the adequate remuneration of the professoriate; or, better still, had they transferred their funds unconditionally into the hands of competent and trustworthy officials to bestow them where needed—nothing but good could have resulted.

In England, on the other hand, there has been for centuries a practical monopoly of university education on the part of Oxford and Cambridge, retarding even the advance of a great metropolitan university in London. The need for decentralization in this sphere of national life has rightly been felt to be paramount. In recent years, the timely advent of private generosity has resulted in the foundation of several colleges and universities in the "provinces," especially in the great manufacturing centres, which certainly tend to supply a crying want, and which may, if wisely directed, lead to the quickening of university life, and to a new era of higher education in the British Empire. But up to the present there is danger lest these foundations, with their short-

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sighted, hand-to-mouth policies and ideals, may retard and vitiate, rather than advance and elevate, the higher learning of Great Britain. The founder or founders of such bodies insist upon carrying out their own preconceived notions as to the needs, the purpose or the utility of a university, crude notions based upon some individual experience or taste in their own life or education —or even trade. A bias may thus be given to the organization, to the aims and to the spirit of the work, which is far from harmless, which cannot be remedied subsequently when bitter experience has led to the recognition of a mistake; for a bias in the very foundations affects the durability as well as the usefulness and beauty of a structure. There is in the minds of such people either a total absence of ideals, or a mistaken ideal as to the nature and purpose of universities; and their views are rapidly being absorbed by the whole nation, perhaps thus retarding the intellectual advance of an empire.

The thoughtful among us must often realize that "public munificence" is not an unmixed blessing. It is one of the charges which the opponents of congested capital may urge against the possession of great wealth by one person, that the power it gives to an individual may be directed into channels affecting public life and wide-spread interests *without responsibility*. In fact, any inquiry as to capability, motive or responsibility, where actions decidedly have the character of charity and philanthropy, readily assumes the appearance of the ungenerous and ungrateful. Still, it may fairly be questioned, whether the action of individuals—whose good intentions are unassailable—in giving a positive and definite direction to the spirit and methods of public work, and in affecting the distant future of higher national life by some preconceived theory or conviction held by one to whom the nation would never have looked for guidance in such matters, may not be nefarious.

If the possible evils arising out of misdirected munificence apply to the foundation of universities, they apply to the endowment of scholarships, purses and all other forms of endowment leading or forcing or bribing the young to learn. These present the readiest, most common and most manifest form of doing something for learning and for the poor, while at the same time it requires least thought and trouble to the donor who wishes "to do the right thing." In former ages, when, on the one hand, na-

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tional institutions of learning were not organized or readily accessible, or when the learned class of "clerks" was chiefly enlisted from the poor, there was a call for the wide application of such benefaction. But to-day, whatever good may be manifest in individual cases, the need no longer exists—nay, I strongly hold that the existing profusion of such scholarships in schools and universities in England effectively blocks the way to the spread of the highest spirit of education, and that the tendency of further endowments of this kind is to *pauperize the national intelligence.* I do not mean research-scholarships, but those given to support the student at school or university during the period of his preparatory education. The sums recently lavished towards helping the learners would have been more effectively used if devoted to the refinement and elevation of the centres where the highest learning is to be given. I am reconciled to the splendid bequest of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, because it embodies, impresses, and perpetuates a great idea of significance to the world's history: the international, the uniting power which the higher intellectual life possesses among the nations who represent civilization. The huge sums thus given by Mr. Rhodes will not be wasted if they merely serve to bring before the eyes of the world this common tie of humanity and perpetuate this lesson. But the same cannot be said, for instance, of the signal generosity which Mr. Carnegie has shown to his native Scottish land. One of the several reasons why England lags behind Scotland in the diffusion of university education among its population lies in the overgrowth of such endowments in England. The present system of scholarships has gone far to jeopardize the traditions of higher learning in England; while in Scotland the appreciation of—nay, the enthusiasm for—learning is one of the most valuable national assets; and I sincerely trust that Mr. Carnegie's well-meant philanthropy may not seriously threaten the existence of this national virtue.

Lastly, we come to the strong desire for reform of the university system which is wide-spread among the general public both in England and in the United States.

Both countries have exceptional advantages for the advance of national prosperity in the possession of great capital and of natural resources. But, while Great Britain sees its long-standing position of commercial and industrial predominance threatened, the United States recognizes the stupendous potentiality of its

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future economic development and is anxious now to prepare for its realization; nay, seeing still farther and deeper, it has misgivings with regard to the period when the fortune inherent in virgin soil and the vigorous, untrammelled spirit of young enterprise will no longer be its peculiar advantage over the competing nations of the Old World.

More and more, though in a vague and loose way, the public has come to realize, on the one hand, the practical use of Science, and, on the other, a deficiency in our educational system which does not produce a sufficiently immediate application of scientific achievement to the needs of actual life. This has been impressed still more forcibly when the competition of a country like Germany in commerce and manufacture is keenly felt, a country, moreover, which is not blessed with any of those advantages in capital or natural resources, or any previous position of vantage from which to begin its onward movement of economic ascendency. In every class it is being realized that something must be wrong when England appears to be falling back where Germany is advancing. Cheapness of labor alone cannot account for this, especially in view of the advance of American industry and the dearness of labor there. But the merchant and manufacturer find that the principle of organization and direction of work in their own spheres, that the "staff," from the highest to the lowest, are more efficient even when Germans leave home and come into competition in other countries: that the clerks, the travellers, the chemists, and electricians employed from Germany are more efficient and successful. There may be, perhaps justly, some reasons for accounting for this superiority less wounding to our national self-esteem. But it seems to be universally felt by the leaders of our commerce and industries that men are better trained for these practical economical purposes in Germany than they are at home. "Something must be wrong at home," they feel and freely say. "What are our schools and universities for? They must take immediate cognizance of our national wants. They have been going on for years and centuries in their happy-go-lucky old-fashioned way of training clergymen and gentlemen. Let them now respond to the crying needs of life."

The first phase of the movement following upon the indefinite discontent is the one we have now attained to, both in England and the United States. I should like to call this the Technical

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Phase. And, though I believe in technical education when rightly conceived and rightly pursued, the present is, I sincerely hope, merely a phase of transition in the establishment of the true ideals of national education. Each member of the community made discontented with our educational system through the sensitive channels of material self-interest, desires to see reform or improvement in the immediate sphere of his own narrow horizon. Though not as grotesquely unintelligent as the butcher whose letter a head-master of a prominent school in one of our great manufacturing towns showed me, their views are the same in kind. The butcher wrote that "he desired his boy to be a good butcher, and that only those subjects should be taught to his lad which would make him that." But the would-be educational reformer who is a merchant demands that our universities, if they are to be of use to the country and have his support, should at once establish Commercial Departments or Colleges. If the industry be concerned with one aspect of chemistry or brewing, or tanning or weaving, the narrow and disjointed part of "applied" chemistry, the art (or science) of brewing, tanning and textile studies, and every conceivable division of craft and learning are to have their departments, or, at least, are to be directly considered in the teaching of a university. The same applies to agriculture and the other occupations of modern life. That is what, in the minds of such people, is meant by "the universities' taking cognizance of life."

In a less grotesque form, eminent men of light and leading have given public expression to views which, if they do not advocate such absurd developments of our national educational system, tend to encourage such views. We are constantly reminded of the great use which universities and men of higher science in Germany are to the advance of national prosperity; but the fact is ignored that in Germany the government and the people at large are by tradition and training prepared to appreciate the utility of such higher education and of higher science, and make direct appeal to the sources of highest information. The German manufacturer is sufficiently well educated to follow sympathetically the efforts of men of pure science, whether in chemistry, in physics, in mathematics, in history or languages and literature, to respect their high vocation and to encourage them in their pursuits. Such a man will, for instance, employ twenty chemists

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who are carrying on researches in directions remote from the industrial chemistry applying to his immediate manufacture, where in England there are but two chemists carrying on "hand-to-mouth" science for the unimproved production of staple articles which will soon be superseded by new articles evolved out of higher scientific research.

In these views of our advocates of university reform the cart is put before the horse. The applicability of science to the actual needs of economic life is increased and made facile by the intelligent readiness of the public to receive it and, above all, to possess some correct notion of its nature, its province, its methods and aims. The premature intrusion of the "technical" point of view will only retard this reasonable application, as it will lower or stultify the efforts of true men of science.

Even Germany seems for the moment to be contaminated by this lowering atmosphere of technical science which penetrates into all strata of national education. It is not likely to do them much harm, because the traditions and living effectiveness of their highest scientific institutions are so strong that they are bound to predominate, to modify, and to direct the work and the teaching of their technical institutions (nearly all the teachers of these are drawn from the professoriate of their universities), and the strength of these traditions will probably outlast the momentary contamination before it has reached the core of the intellectual life of the nation. Germany is, in every phase of its intellectual life, at this moment living on the work of its great thinkers and workers of the generations immediately preceding our own, of which Virchow may be the last representative—though a large number of younger university professors are prepared to maintain the spirit of the past in its highest and purest form.

What the German universities have done for their national life, and what they stand for in the eyes of the world, is the establishment and the diffusion of the Spirit of Thoroughness which goes down to the root of things and aspires to the summit of human knowledge. Germany is great in this respect, because the intellectual life of the nation and the educational system have, in their very constitution and in the actual history of their development, been regulated by the highest aims, the highest attainments of intellectual life, in their universities, to which all the lower forms lead or tend. These highest attainments and ideals are not left

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to themselves as the haphazard result of the lower necessities of education; the schools do not so much produce the universities as the universities infuse their spirit of thoroughness and their intellectual ideals into the schools. Both thus react upon the people and upon the actual material and economic life of the whole nation. The teaching of the industrial sciences, of agriculture, of medicine, nay, of school-mastering, is carried on by men trained in the universities in the spirit of pure science as there cultivated. Thus, as an ever-present force beyond the confines of the universities themselves, in all strata of national life, whether consciously held or indirectly and vaguely felt as a remote tradition, there is before the nation the true ideal of a university.

The possession of true ideals may be one of the most practical, not to say material, assets of an individual or a nation. As it may be the most practical method of setting out on a journey before all things to know exactly the journey's goal, so it is most important in the organization of national education to be clear as to the highest goal in the development of intellectual life. As we often find it important to correct the morbid tendency of the unpractical man, the doctrinaire, the visionary, by reminding him of the impracticability of his ideas and by directing his attention to the physical conditions which decide their realizability—the ways and means—so it may often be necessary to remind the "practical man," the man of action or the opportunist, to look to his fundamental principles and his ideals, and only then to set his practical energies in the direction prescribed by them. This is especially the case when the work is concerned with wider, more general, as well as more fundamental subjects and organizations, which are not ephemeral but which determine the life of a nation for ages to come.

A university is for a nation the nearest approach, as a recognizable, tangible, and living institution, to the ideal of man's intellectual development—as, in another way, the churches are the tangible and recognizable centres of the moral and religious life, and the art academies, museums, and theatres of the æsthetic life, of a nation.

It is not the outcome of vague theorizing, but the result of sober observation and experience, which leads us to conclude that the German educational system is thus efficient because, not only does its whole organization culminate in this highest type, the uni-

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versity, with its pure ideals of science and learning, but because the keynote of the whole intellectual education, down to the elementary schools (*a fortiori* for the technical schools) is struck by this highest form, at once most general and comprehensive as well as special and thorough. It thus penetrates through all layers of society and has become a national characteristic. Life takes cognizance of science. The more civilization advances, the greater becomes the need for the regulation of practice by theory, the more important for each state that universities should be thus efficient and should be organized in view of the highest and purest ideals of science and learning.

This view of a university, however, is far from being the predominant one in England and the United States. The mistake with us is that, until quite recently, the only conception of a university has been purely educational, if not pedagogic. It was considered an establishment for the higher training of a small percentage of the inhabitants in each country, chiefly of the upper or professional classes. It was simply a higher school—really a high-school for older boys.

I think it so important that this fatal misconception should be exposed and that the right view should prevail, that I do not shrink from applying the two methods which the late Bishop Creighton considered powerful instruments of education—exaggeration and paradox. A university, then, differs from a school in that it is not primarily educational; a great part of its function in national life would remain if there were not a single pupil or student within its walls to teach. The spirit of the place should be as different from that pervading a school as—though in quite a different way—the atmosphere of the real practical life which follows upon the university studies is to the graduate entering upon his active vocation in the struggle for existence. Each will produce the greatest effect educationally, the more each is true to its own peculiar spirit. For the moment I choose to ignore the directly educational function of a university; though, by maintaining its impersonal and purest ideal as the national embodiment of highest science and learning, it becomes most efficient as an educational institution for the production of the active and successful as well as cultured citizens.

But the real danger at this moment comes, not so much from the confusion of a university with a school, as from its contamina-

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tion by the technical spirit. Here lies the real danger. The startling and epoch-making discoveries made of recent years by the application of science to the needs of commerce and industry have at last impressed the unthinking with the use of science, until such tangible use has become the test for its right of existence, the justification for its pursuit. The institutions where "science" is cultivated and advanced are supposed to derive their claim to existence and support from such use, and their organization and work are to be regulated in view of the direct application of science and learning to the needs of life.

Not only in such a view is a narrow and grossly material aspect of economical life substituted for the whole of the intellectual life of a civilized community; but science is narrowed down to the most irrational conception of applied science, the very nature and function of which are grossly misunderstood. For one instance of applied science which has produced results appreciable by the commercial mind, innumerable attempts and experiments are made in every direction without such results; there is a continuous and vast expenditure of reasoning power about us constantly at work, which never comes to the cognizance of the public and can never be apprehended by the commercial mind. Just as, to use a trite simile, the stupendous fortunes made by one great speculation, and which obtrude themselves upon the public notice, are not true tests of the effort and the energy expended in the whole world of finance and commerce, of which nothing rises to the plane of manifest and startling public recognition.

A puerile attempt to organize the study of "hand-to-mouth" science with a view to achieving such signal success in its immediate application, will end in failure. For the weakness of the "technical" aspect of science is, that, not going sufficiently deep, it does not carry science farther. Empiricism in science is most "unpractical," because it leaves to chance what the human mind in its highest theoretical function tends to control. Most of the discoveries and inventions which have had such momentous bearings upon our material and industrial life could never have been made but for the work of the highest scientific theorists, carried on in a spirit in no way technical, which is, in one aspect, opposed to practical application—at all events, ignores it while the inquiry is progressing. I mean scientific work which has no manifest practical application. Examples are innumerable and are familiar

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to those who are at all conversant with true science. Let me but single out a few.

The most recent invention is perhaps the most startling and, in some ways, the most momentous as regards its effect upon life in our age—I mean Wireless Telegraphy.

Yet I am not overstating my case when I say that this invention is inconceivable without a continuous series of purely theoretical inquiries preceding it. In one sense, it is but a corollary of the general scientific and purely theoretical work, in its bearings upon electricity, done by Faraday, by Sir Humphry Davy in his separation of Sodium and Potassium, and finally by Hertz and Clerk-Maxwell in their theoretical work upon certain electrical waves. Perhaps it may be said that the development of most of Modern Physics, in its minutest practical applications, could not have been achieved without the purely theoretical work of Sir Isaac Newton grouping round his discovery of the law of gravitation.

The work of Pasteur, whose whole life illustrates the realization of the highest scientific ideals, has led to the most varied applications of scientific principles to the needs of human life—nay, of industries concerned with our daily subsistence. The same may be said of Cohn, whose researches into Bacteriology were begun in a purely theoretical study of botany; or of Lister's application of these general biological results to antisepsis. Nay, it would be easy to show how the thoroughness of such theoretical work on micro-organisms has directly influenced brewing and many other industries, besides advancing agriculture in all its ramifications. But the main point to bear in mind is: that it is inconceivable how any amount of technical work in brewing, in industrial or agricultural chemistry, could by itself have produced the "practical and material" results which commerce and industries now exploit. These were only achieved by the concentration of all intellectual power, in a strictly scientific method, on pure theory, without any thought of practical application. One small outcome of the stupendous theoretical work of the great chemist Bunsen is the "Bunsen burner," known to nearly every artisan. I venture to say that, without the establishment of the theoretical principle therein involved, the main factors underlying the development of locomotion in the motor-car, as well as many other practical results, would never have been attained. Professor Ewing informs me that his researches which led to the establishment of the prop-

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erty of *hysterisis* in metals (now in direct use and constant application by manufacturers of metal and engineers), was the result of purely theoretical work with no immediate apprehension of its practical use even after it was made. I wonder what the giant in pure mathematics, Gauss (who made the famous toast: "I drink to Pure Mathematics, the only science which has never been polluted by a practical application"), would think of the practical application of his *Methode der Kleinsten Quadrate;* or La Place, were he to see the results of his work on the Doctrine of Probabilities in daily application in the offices of actuaries and Life Insurance Companies.

I could continue page after page to give striking illustrations, which would all show how the most momentous and practical inventions of "Science" were either directly made by the pursuit of research in its highest and purest theoretical form, or, at least, could not have been made unless based upon such work. I could show that the life of "Science" upon which the material prosperity of a nation depends, can only be advanced, can only progress into the dim regions of the unknown and unachieved, through the conscientious labor of individuals who make up what constitutes a real university, who realize and maintain its spirit.

But in view of the pressure of actual life and of the clamor of ignorant popular opportunism, it is no easy task to maintain this spirit of pure science and learning, both for the individual "professors" of such a high vocation, and for the institutions which ought to be their natural home—the universities. The temptations and allurements of material, mercenary reward are often too great for the man of science, and the insinuation of the immediately "technical" spirit into the universities is the rock ahead in their course of beneficent action for the nation and the world at large.

It requires the supreme effort of self-repression, the constant presence of the living ideals, enforced upon the workers by the atmosphere of the universities supported by the government and by public opinion, to produce effective scientific work, and to maintain this efficiency, upon which even the ultimate material well-being of the whole community depends. The premature intrusion of secondary application, of practical and economic use, into any scientific inquiry is likely to prove fatal to its fruitful termination. The standard and test of the value of higher academic

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work are in no way to be this "application." If anything, it is wiser to adhere to Gauss's paradox—it will in the aggregate prove to be more practical and profitable to the national life as a whole. The chairs of pure mathematics and of Sanscrit are to be regarded as equally important and equally worthy of honor and support as the chairs of mechanics and agricultural chemistry.

It is in the interest of the nation that these high and pure ideals of a university, as above all the impersonal centre of the nation's striving after truth, be maintained—nay, that by the action of the government, of munificent patrons, and of the whole public, they be enforced and be diffused and made familiar among the population itself. Life will then take cognizance of Science to the advancement of both.

I have endeavored in the above merely to impress the most important, the essential one, among the ideals which a university implies; and I have, moreover, impressed this chiefly by insisting upon its bearings on actual life, especially the economic aspect of life. When such an ideal is developed and insured in a university, the technical training and technical institutions, no doubt of deep importance to the nation, will derive inspiration from the universities and will be all the more efficient. Without such ideals, however, I doubt whether technical training will be of great or lasting advantage.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

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HOW SHAKSPERE LEARNT HIS TRADE.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS, PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

I.

In England, when Elizabeth was queen, the little companies of wandering actors were greatly increased in number. They had placed themselves under the protection of rich nobles or high officials, whose servants they declared themselves to be. Their membership was as limited as their repertory; and four or five players were sufficient to produce such simple pieces as were then available, each of the performers assuming more than one character, if need be, very much as all the parts in a Greek play had to be divided between three actors. A slim youth might have to impersonate all the female characters,—and here the English, oddly enough, were more mediæval than the Spanish, who had already admitted women upon the stage. They carried no scenery with them, for it is scarcely too much to say that scenery had not then been invented. They took with them only the most obvious properties, perhaps a crown for the king and a couple of swords for a combat, and the like. They wore as rich apparel as they could get, with no thought of its propriety to the time and place of the play itself. Thus lightly encumbered they could rove at will, ready to-day to amuse the guests of a noble gathered in the great hall of the castle, and prepared to-morrow to please the humbler audience that might come together in the village.

In those days, the English inn was often a hollow square, with a central courtyard girt with galleries; and here, with the permission of the innkeeper, the strollers would put up a hasty platform around which the country-folk might stand, while the persons of quality could look down from the galleries. In London, the performances in places of public entertainment drew such

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concourses of people that the city authorities were scandalized, and strove to forbid them; and as a result the players, who had been wanderers hitherto, were forced to build houses of their own just outside of the municipal limits and to establish themselves permanently. They had no models to go by, and in planning their theatres they gave no thought to the sumptuous edifices that had adorned the chief towns of Greece and Rome. They were used to performing in the courtyard of an inn; and, therefore, the first theatre that they built for themselves was apparently no more and no less than the courtyard of an inn—without the inn itself.

The new building was but a hollow square of about eighty feet each way, open to the sky in the centre, and consisting of little more than a quadrangle of galleries, to be divided into "rooms," as they were then called, private boxes as we should now term them, for the accommodation of the more particular playgoers. The whole ground floor was the yard, wherein the solid body of the more vulgar spectators had to stand; and into this yard there was thrust out the stage, a platform perhaps forty feet square. Where the rear gallery ran across the stage there hung an arras, a heavy tapestry curtain, to cut off the space behind, which might be used as a dressing-room. The rear gallery itself, just over the platform, was also made useful, serving as a balcony, a pulpit, a roof, or whatever upper chamber might be called for in the progress of the play. The stage was so spacious that some of the spectators were allowed to sit to the right and to the left, on stools to be hired. There was no curtain to pull up or to pull aside; and there was absolutely no scenery of any kind.

The simplicity of the projecting platform, with its pendent arras at the back and its room in the gallery above available on occasion, the absence of all decoration, leaving the space between the spectators on the stage to represent whatsoever strange sequence of places the playwright might need,—all this was perfectly acceptable to most of the uncritical subjects of Elizabeth. It was not acceptable to the critical Sidney, enamored of antiquity and nourished on the Italian theorists. He protested against a stage on which the scene could seem to change continually simply because there was no scenery to be changed.

Sidney was annoyed that "the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is; or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walk to gather flowers,

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and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field." Sidney's contemporaries were not hard-hearted; and they were ever willing to accept a bare stage as a battle-field and as a cave, as a rock and as a garden, as the castle of Elsinore, as the forest of Arden and as the forum of Rome.

II

The play-makers of that time were men of far more ability than the unknown writers in whose footsteps they were following; but they never set themselves up as innovators. They worked in the old tradition cheerfully, trying to provide the players with the kind of play that they knew the playgoers liked. No doubt, they wished to better their copy if they could, but they were scarcely conscious that they were really making over anew the art they had inherited from their forgotten predecessors. Like these predecessors, they wrote especially to please the groundlings who stood in the yard, but they sought also not to displease the gallants who sat on the stage. They were better educated, and therefore they could go farther afield, not only for material, but also for effects. From Seneca, they borrowed the practice of frequent murder and the evocation of frequent ghosts. In their heaping up of horrors they were probably encouraged by the contemporary popularity of the Italian novelist, with his constant commingling of lust and gore. The laxly knit chronicle-play was soon stiffened into the so-called tragedy-of-blood, a dramatic form which was very pleasing to the Elizabethan audiences and which was tempting even to Shakspere himself.

While a true tragedy should purge the soul with terror, the tragedy-of-blood was satisfied to thrill the nerves with horror. A necessary figure in the conduct of such a play was a ghost, who proclaimed the duty of revenge, and who, in anticipation, gloated over every bloody stroke of vengeance. The author charmed the eyes of the spectators with combats, hangings, tortures, dumb-shows, and masques, while also he tickled the ears of the audience

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with vehement phrases and high-sounding bombast. And yet, however coarse may seem the art of this tragedy-of-blood, it was at least alive, which could be said of only a few of the miracle-plays. As it dealt with the clash of passion against passion, it was essentially dramatic, which the chronicle-plays at first were not. However violent the crudities in the early "Spanish Tragedy" of Kyd, and whatever the flagrant faults of taste and structure in the later "Duchess of Malfi" of Webster, there is no denying the vigor of these plays nor their exceeding vitality. They were planned to be acted then, and with no thought that they would ever be read now. They were devised to hit the taste of the London playgoer of those unsettled days, and they achieved this purpose amply. In so doing the tragedy-of-blood helped and hastened the coming of the true tragedy which was to supersede it.

Thomas Kyd was not the only predecessor of Shakspere by whose labors the great dramatist was to profit. While Kyd was showing how to knit a plot and how to heap up situations tempting to energetic actors, his friend Christopher Marlowe was helping to transform the shapeless chronicle-play. If in "Hamlet" Shakspere was at first following Kyd's lead, in "Richard III." he was treading in the footprints of Marlowe. Kyd is the more dexterous playwright, no doubt; but Marlowe is the more gifted poet, with a deeper insight into human motive. Marlowe it was in whose hands blank verse revealed itself as an incomparable instrument for the dramatic poet; and Marlowe it was who showed how to search the soul of man in more than one notable passage.

But his best-known play, "Doctor Faustus," proves that he was not a born play-maker, instinctively grasping the essential struggle and unfailingly presenting it in the necessary scenes. The play was little more than the mere slicing into dialogue of the old story-book; and only in a chance speech here and there did Marlowe appear to apprehend the full philosophic value of the suggestive theme he had chosen to treat. Now and again he seemed to get to the heart of the matter and to voice his vision with unfailing felicity of phrase; but for the most part he was content to make a use of the supernatural which is not unfairly to be called puerile, just as the comic passages are almost childish. Among the characters were the Good Angel and the Evil Angel and the Seven Sins, all serving to show how close the connection was between the mediæval drama and the Elizabethan.

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While Marlowe with his "Edward II." was setting a model for the splendid series of Shakspere's histories, and while Kyd was complicating the ghastly plot of the "Spanish Tragedy," which was to serve as a stepping-stone to the great tragedies of Shakspere, other young spirits were lighting up the path leading to the realm of fantasy, where romantic-comedy best could flourish. In the mediæval drama the scenes intended to be amusing were sometimes truly humorous, with a shrewd homeliness of phrase and a direct realism of character-drawing; but most of them were trivial and coarse, and dependent for their immediate effectiveness rather upon horse-play than upon genuine humor. The free adaptations which later scholars had made from the Latin and from the Italian, possessed plots more artfully put together; and sometimes the plays had acquired a certain simple flavor of the soil to which they had been transplanted. But not in the boisterous scenes of the miracle-plays, not in the ingenious imbroglios of the Italian or of the Latin, was there any worthy model for a truly English comedy; and yet in the earlier attempts at romantic-comedy the influence of all three of these can be traced, accompanied by a large contribution from the contemporary English novel, itself derived indirectly from the pastoral-romance of the Continent.

The comedies of John Lyly, "Endymion" and its fellows, seem to us to have literary merit rather than dramaturgic effectiveness. They appear to us too artificial to hit the taste of the town, too distended with labored allusiveness; but before an audience of courtiers they were performed more than once and with some measure of approval. There was a gentle suggestion of gracious courtliness in the atmosphere of these comedies of Lyly's not to be perceived in any earlier plays—a gracious courtliness which is to be found later in full flower in "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night."

In its main theme Robert Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" recalls Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," with its naïve handling of the supernatural; but the underplot sets forth a story of young love triumphant over circumstance; and we have here another source of romantic-comedy, with its fresh love-making in the open air, as prettily pastoral as one could wish, though it was also only doubtfully dramatic. Indeed, even in his plays Greene revealed himself rather as a novelist, with a graceful lyric note

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of his own. None the less, he had advanced a step beyond the courtly Lyly, a step nearer to that kingdom of romance which was to call itself Verona or Illyria or Bohemia, a desert country by the sea, where exiled dukes were to roam the lonely forest and where lovely heroines were to disguise themselves as lads.

III

Greene and Lyly, Marlowe and Kyd, had all of them aided the advance of the English drama from out the monotonous formlessness of the mediæval pieces; and they had all striven to devise the kind of play most likely to hit the taste of the Elizabethan playgoer, with his sturdy body, his free spirit, and his alert mind. Then a dramatist more gifted than any of the four came forward to profit by what they had done. This newcomer was no theoretic reformer; he had no artistic code already formulated; he was simply a practical playwright who happened also to be a great poet. Shakspere's first labors were humble enough, merely the patching of old pieces, whereby he learned the secrets of the craft. Even when he started to write plays of his own there was no overt effort for novelty. He began where the others had left off, as might have been expected from a capable young fellow who sought to earn his daily bread by preparing plays to suit the existing conditions of the theatrical market,—plays intended first to tempt the actors to perform them, and then to tempt the spectators to applaud and to come again the next time the comedy or the tragedy or the history might be announced for repetition.

But, even in this prentice work, there was evidence that the young hack-writer had an individuality of his own. Better than any of his groping predecessors could he use situation to reveal character, and find fit expression for feeling and for thought at the moment of crisis. His earliest plays were little more than imitations; and in "Love's Labor's Lost" he was almost as artificial as Lyly, although he was at once closer to life and far cleverer. "Titus Andronicus," wherein horrors on horrors' head accumulate, was simply a tragedy-of-blood on the model of Kyd's most popular play. The "Comedy of Errors" was only a farce with an ingeniously mechanical plot, and yet redeemed by more than one character of a true humanity. In "Richard III.," the disconnected episodes of a history were artfully knit into a certain unity by the incisive presentation of the royal villain. In few of

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these earliest plays was there any hint of audacious ambition; indeed, all that the author was aiming at was a chance to earn his living while learning his trade. He was not yet sure of himself or of his audiences.

"Steeped in humor and fantasticality up to its very lips, the Elizabethan age," so Matthew Arnold tells us, "newly arrived at the free use of the human faculties after their long term of bondage, and delighting to exercise them freely, suffers from its own extravagance in this first exercise of them, can hardly bring itself to see an object quietly or to describe it temperately." Shakspere was a true Elizabethan and he had his full share of this fantasticality and of this intemperance. These characteristics are most paraded in the earliest plays, but they are not absent from the latest, in not a few of which we cannot but note a careless playfulness at times and a reluctance to be bound by any restraint that irked him. The austere perfection of Sophocles was not his ideal; yet when he chose and when the theme he had chanced upon happened to arouse all his powers, he revealed the possession of a constructive faculty not inferior to the great Greek's. When his interest flagged, as for example in "All's Well that Ends Well," he might let his story loiter as languidly as it was wont to do in the old chronicle-plays; or when his subject might be unworthy of him, as happened now and again, notably in "Measure for Measure," he failed to exert himself.

But when his imagination kindled at his theme and he put forth all his strength, it was with unerring certainty that he pierced to the centre of the subject and presented in action one after another the needful scenes,—the *scènes à faire*. "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth" and "Othello," are plotted with conscious art and consummate skill. They are each of them plays of a wonderful unity of construction. Each has a marvellous beauty of form, being exquisitely proportioned as a whole and carefully wrought in all its parts. These plays, conceived for performance in the little cockpit, which the Elizabethan theatre was, with a bare platform projecting into the yard, with no scenery and no propriety of costume, with the women's characters impersonated by shaven boys, with the gallants smoking on the stage, and with the groundlings restless in the yard,—this "Othello" and this "Macbeth" are truly as architectonic as the stately Attic tragedies, which were performed in the spacious

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theatre of Dionysus before the cultivated Greeks. These English tragedies have a solid simplicity of their own, not Greek indeed, but of a kind which the open-minded Greek would have been able to appreciate. They meet the requirements laid down by Aristotle quite as well as the best plays of the Athenian tragic writers—although not quite in the same way. The Greek perfection has been defined as "fit details, strictly combined, in view of a large general result nobly conceived"; and even this perfection Shakspere attained now and again. He attained it, indeed, whenever he took the trouble to do his best. He attained it in "Hamlet," which is outwardly a mere tragedy-of-blood, with its revenge and its ghost and its final massacre, but which is inwardly the eternal tragedy of the human soul at war with inexorable circumstance. Rarely indeed does the foremost of the English dramatists take the trouble to seek the simplicity of form and the solidity of structure which even the least of the Greek dramatists was ever striving for, although without always achieving them. Here we see how the highly trained Athenian audiences helped to hold the Greek dramatic poet up to a lofty standard; whereas the London audiences, eager and tumultuous and uncultivated, exacted nothing from the English dramatic poet, except that he should deal with life directly and forcibly.

IV

Shakspere was not only the foremost of English dramatists: he was also a practical man of affairs, clear-headed and self-possessed; and it is not to be wondered at that he did not often exert himself more than was needful. He did not write his plays for publication and for posterity: he wrote them to be acted in the theatre in which he was a sharer; and for the most part he seems to have been satisfied when they pleased the playgoers and brought in large audiences. But he was also a great artist, with the great artist's sensual enjoyment in the dexterous exercise of his technical skill; and thus it was that from time to time a rich theme would waken his ambition to go far beyond any demands of the Elizabethan spectators, and to work out an imperishable masterpiece, which would move his contemporaries, no doubt, but which would also carry a message to later generations—a message his contemporaries may not even have suspected.

But it was on the audience of his own day that he kept his eye steadily; and he gave them what he knew they relished, the

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coronations and processions and stately spectacles they were amused by, the combats and battles they delighted in, the ghosts and the witches they believed in, even if he himself did not. He had imagination beyond other men, but he had also common sense in the same superlative degree. He had his head in the clouds at times, but he always kept his feet firm on the ground. An idealist, as a poet must be, he was a realist, as a successful playwright always is. He was never remote or unfriendly or retiring; indeed, all the records remind us that he was hearty in his friendships and that he gave himself freely to his associates. He had broad human sympathy; and, although apparently rather aristocratic in his political opinions, he could fellowship with common men; and perhaps this is why common men did not fail to understand him then, and indeed often understand him now better than the more dainty and the supersubtle.

He was not over-squeamish, and he never shrank from plain speech. But he was clean-minded beyond most of his fellow playwrights of those spacious days; and in his attitude toward women he was a gentleman, even in his comedies,—whereas men of far better breeding, Beaumont and Fletcher, for example, were frequently dirty in thought and often foul in phrase. His manners were better than those of the contemporary men-of-letters, and so also were his morals. There was in his plays no silly practice of so-called "poetic justice"; for anything so petty Shakspere's vision was too broad and his insight too piercing. But neither was there any paltering with the law of life nor any extenuation of wrong-doing. The sinner has ever to pay the dread reckoning at last, even though it is only by himself that he is called to account. Shakspere's philosophy was sound all through, and so was his ethical code, even though it is unformulated. The moral might not be tagged to the fable, but only the wilfully blind could fail to find the lesson. Shakspere did not think it wise to crystallize his morals; rather they were held in solution, to be tasted and felt, not seen or measured.

Perhaps this was specially evident in the histories, that grand gallery of full-length portraits, in which the long line of English kings step one by one from out the dull annals and start into life, illumined by the inner light of imagination. But it was evident also in the joyous group of poetic comedies, creations of airy and capricious fantasy, in which the poet peopled a world of exquisite

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unreality with figures of eternal truth and beauty. What were "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" but pure romances shown in action with young lovers wooing wittily, moved rather by pretty sentiment than by any unplumbed depth of passion? Just as other dramatists had relieved a story of terror with scenes of lively humor, so Shakspere, in "Much Ado about Nothing" and in the "Merchant of Venice," sustained the comedy, which was his chief interest here, by underplots so serious that they might seem almost tragic.

For these delightful fantasies we have no other term than comedy; and yet nothing can be more remote from what we ordinarily understand by the word. "Romantic-comedy" we must call it, and of this romantic-comedy Shakspere was the undisputed master. Contemporary life is the stuff out of which the comedy-of-manners is wrought; and to contemporary life Shakspere seems scarcely to have given a thought. The only play of his in which he dealt avowedly with the men and women of his own time and of his own country was the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which was, in effect, only a farce, since the situations of the story determined the characters.

Yet, although Shakspere gave no thought to contemporary life, it is true also that he never sought to represent anything else. He was no historical novelist to attempt the impossible; and the lovers of the "Merchant of Venice," the men of the watch of "Much Ado about Nothing," the mob of "Julius Cæsar," and the courtiers of "Hamlet," are all of them English, and all subjects of the Virgin Queen. They were first of all human beings, set in special circumstances of time and place; and then they were also Elizabethans, with all the vigor, the humor, and the whim of the men and women whom Shakspere knew as boy and man in country and in town. Because Shakspere neglected the comedy-of-manners, his fellow playwrights could not climb unaided to the lofty level of high comedy. For romantic-comedy, as for tragedy and for history, he had set a pattern, and the others were able to work in accordance therewith. But for the modern comedy-of-manners men had to wait for Molière to supply a model which should endure for centuries.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

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THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE.

BY HARVEY GRAEME FURBAY, PH.D., FIELD SECRETARY OF THE LEAGUE.

In December, 1887, the Temperance Alliance of Oberlin, Ohio, took the initiative in forming a Local Option League, to secure, if possible, some needed legislation. Three months later a League was organized among the churches in Lorain County, Ohio. On September 3rd, 1893, in Oberlin, the Ohio Anti-Saloon League was formally constituted. In December, 1895, in Washington, D. C., the American, or National, Anti-Saloon League was instituted. It is installed in thirty-five States and Territories.

The object of the League is the extermination of the saloon. It seeks the repeal of laws favoring the existence of the saloon and the enactment of laws contributory to its abolishment. Recognizing the principle that the enactment and enforcement of law is dependent upon the desire of the majority in a community, the League endeavors to keep abreast of that sentiment, if it be progressive, and to awaken or develop it by educational methods, if it be dormant or lethargic.

The tangible, visible part of the League is the corps of workers; the vital part is the supporting constituency, which is a moral force as well as a financial support. This constituency is composed of those persons who favor an advance in restrictive liquor legislation and consistent enforcement of existing liquor laws. Politically, this constituency is drawn from all parties; morally, it embraces adherents of all phases of religious belief as well as those who are followers of no creed.

The executive agents of the League can continue their work only as long as they are faithful to the principles in which this constituency believes, and as long as they are efficient in producing a dividend of results adequate to the money expended. A

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safeguard against ineffectiveness is found in the supervision of Boards of Trustees for State organizations, and Headquarters Committees for the sub-organizations. The authority of these organizations insures the integrity and trustworthiness of the workers in this cause to as great an extent as in any other business governed by a directorate.

The working force of the League, at present, in the thirty-five States and Territories in which it is organized is represented by two hundred and fifty persons. These persons give their whole time to the work. The entire work of the movement, indeed, does not devolve upon them, nor is that which is accomplished to be wholly credited to them. Thousands of clergymen and laymen only await definite instructions to exert their energy and influence in favor of given policies. The official agents of the League are sentinels, as it were, heralds, and, in some instances, captains. Those who constitute the great army of workers simply await the warning, the proclamation or the command that will cause it to move simultaneously to the point of defence or attack.

The policy of the League is practical rather than theoretical. It demands tangible results. What is practicable in Brockton, Massachusetts, may be impossible in Peoria, Illinois. While the general purpose of the League is unchanged, the means used to secure ultimate results will differ in different localities. In Illinois there is no law that would give to Peoria the right to create conditions such as exist in Brockton. The League would interest itself, then, in seeing that existing laws were enforced in Peoria, Illinois, to whatever extent public sentiment there would support. The League would conduct a campaign of education in order to beget a desire on the part of the people of Illinois for liquor legislation as restrictive as would be tolerated. In fact, this has been done. A Local Option Bill is now before the Legislature of Illinois.

The methods of the League are political, but not partisan. The League never can present candidates for office, for, if it should do so, it would cease to be a popular League. The political power of the League depends upon its honesty in dealing with candidates for political office impartially and without partisan bias. The League represents the sentiment for restrictive liquor legislation in all parties, and makes its force felt by administering

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punishment to the recreant, regardless of party. It is interested in securing liquor-restriction laws and having them enforced; hence, in the election of the members of the State Legislature, it uses its influence to prevent the choice of any man who may be unfavorable to the laws it desires to have enacted. If the dominant party in a legislative district nominates for the Legislature a man who is favorable to the temperance issues, the League stands aloof. If the nominee is unfavorable to the temperance issues, the League will help to elect a temperance man against him, regardless of party affinities.

Thus, in the State of Ohio, during the last eight years, over seventy members of the Legislature (who were entitled by the custom of their parties to renomination and re-election), who had been antagonistic to legislation which the League desired, were opposed by the League; and every one of them was defeated.

The League is interested in the executive officers whose duty it is to enforce the laws. In Cuyahoga County, Ohio, in the fall election of 1902, a candidate for County Prosecutor, who, as a member of the preceding Legislature, had been unfriendly to temperance legislation, was considered by the League an undesirable man. His legislative record was put by the League in the hands of every Christian voter in Cuyahoga County, and he suffered an overwhelming defeat, although other candidates on his ticket were elected.

In California, the Board of Supervisors is the County Legislature. The Anti-Saloon victories in San Diego, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and Alameda Counties were made effective by the election of county officials pledged to vigorous enforcement of law. Where all regularly nominated candidates were seriously objectionable, independent candidates were supported by the League and triumphantly elected.

In Nebraska, in the election of Governor in 1902, there was a direct issue between the liquor interests and the League. John H. Mickey, the successful candidate, had been nominated by a Convention of which two hundred members were Leaguers; so, not only his election but his nomination was the product of the League's work.

In Oklahoma, a District Judge and Associate Justice of the Supreme Court (in this Territory judges hold the two offices) was manifestly against the Anti-Saloon policy, and was biased

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in favor of the liquor men. The Anti-Saloon League secured evidence of his unfitness and presented it to President Roosevelt, who promptly required his resignation.

The contention of the League is, that the saloon is a liability from an economic standpoint. Business men and business interests are sustaining this proposition. In Collinwood, Ohio, when the Local Option election was called, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad, which has its repair shops there, announced that if the town went "dry" it would enlarge its plant by the expenditure of $1,000,000. The town promptly voted out the saloons, and the railroad began its improvements.

The Warren Featherbone Company, of Three Oaks, Michigan, offered to pay the taxes ordinarily received from the saloons if the saloons were voted out; otherwise, it would be necessary for them to find another location. The saloons were banished.

In Leipsic, Ohio, the Ohio Stave Company awaited the result of a saloon or no saloon vote as the determining factor with regard to their investing $100,000 in a plant in that town.

The liquor interests constantly make the assertion that elimination of the saloons, especially in high license or high tax districts, will increase taxes. The experience of Local Option communities has indicated that the contrary is the truth. The Secretary of the Ohio Brewers' Association admits that there is no record of a town in Ohio, or in the United States, which shows an increased tax rate or a decreased volume of business to be due to banishing the saloon.

The saloon is the distributing and collecting agent for the manufacturer. On an average, sixty-six per cent. of money received by the retail liquor dealer passes immediately out of his hands to pay the manufacturer, the transportation companies, and the United States internal revenue. If this money remained within the local community and became a part of its working capital, it must necessarily increase the property valuation and yield a revenue in the ordinary routine of taxation. That this money does remain in the community, and does enter other lines of business, is shown by the experience of Local Option communities in which other lines of business invariably show an increased volume after the saloon has been abolished.

There are thirteen cities in the United States, each having a population of more than 30,000, that have no saloons. The ag-

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gregate population of these cities is 648,285. Thirteen other cities, corresponding, in sequence, in size with the ones first mentioned, have twelve hundred and sixty-eight saloons and a population of 652,200. In the cities without saloons, during the year 1901-02, the total number of arrests was 23,896, or thirty-seven per thousand of population. In the cities with saloons, for the same period, there were 37,147 arrests, or fifty-six per thousand.

The property valuation *per capita* in the "dry" cities is $724.99, and in the "wet" cities $488.04. The average total tax in the cities without saloons is $24.01 on the $1,000, while in the cities with saloons it is $31.49. In the smaller municipalities the same results are seen, with but rare exceptions.

The educational part of the work of the League embraces the collection and publication of such data, and gradually the fallacies perpetrated by the advocates of the liquor trade are being exposed. In eight States the League has a weekly paper with 50,000 subscribers. Eighteen States publish a monthly paper, and have 135,500 subscribers.

It is the desire of the League, finally, to send a trained speaker into every church congregation, at least once during the year, to give a detailed report of the work which has been done and of the plans framed for the future, and to communicate authentic data respecting the different phases of the saloon interests.

In Oregon, Virginia, New York, Tennessee, Washington, and Wisconsin the League has secured within the last year desired legislation. In some instances, as in the case of Virginia, it has achieved all for which it contended; in others, as in Wisconsin, the result was but a small part of what was attempted.

The general influence of the League has been felt to a remarkable degree in church circles. In every locality where the League has been active there has been a development of the spirit of unity among all church denominations. The League furnishes an opportunity to the various branches of the church for federating their forces without surrendering their individuality or departing from characteristic dogma and polity. Protestants and Catholics unite their forces heartily in local campaigns against the saloon. The records show that, where the Catholic Total Abstinence Society exists, the Catholic vote has been against the saloon.

The League is securing, through its law enforcement depart-

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ment, a greater respect for the law. Disregard for law, where it exists, is traceable invariably to the saloon's defiance of law. Where respect for laws made for the regulation or suppression of the saloon is established, marked advance is seen in the general respect for the law in general and for the administration of all municipal affairs.

In a very large number of towns in Ohio, the local issue in the spring election of 1903 was law enforcement, and this was due to the agitation of the League. Reform candidates in many towns and cities were elected. Already, a better condition exists in the State because of the enforcement of statutes against Sunday opening, against screens, slot machines, and wine-rooms.

Local Option elections in Ohio have resulted so generally against the saloon* that the Brewers' Association has notified retailers that strict observance of existing laws seems the most rational way of avoiding a vote on the question.

The enforcement of law is dependent upon public officers; and, usually, after the saloon has been prohibited in municipalities, the issue in the next municipal election is whether the law has been enforced. The League interests itself in the public conduct of municipal officers, and the result has been that a higher type of men has been secured. In most instances, these men have been selected because of personal character rather than party affinities.

For the year ending December 1st, 1902, the fund available for all branches of the League's work in the United States was $235,000. The indications are that not less than $500,000 will be furnished for the current year.

The probable trend of restrictive liquor legislation, for which the League will stand as a unit, will be to extend Local Option in such a way that an entire State may be covered by geographical units, including municipalities and rural districts. For the larger municipalities some form of district or ward Option Law will be favored. It is probable that the League will favor further restrictions in those municipalities and other localities which vote to continue the sale of liquors, by having the sale of liquors placed in the hands of special agents rather than allowing it to remain in the hands of the class of men who now conduct it.

HARVEY GRAEME FURBAY.

* During the ten months ending April 30, 1903, 145 towns, ranging from 16,000 population down, out of 200 voting, have voted "dry."

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LEFT-HANDEDNESS AND LEFT-SIDEDNESS.

BY PROFESSOR CESARE LOMBROSO.

As is universally known, we use the right hand very much more commonly than the left, the number of persons who are more agile with the left hand being comparatively small. They are ordinarily found among women, children, and savages, and they were more numerous in ages past than they are now. Much has been written of these persons, but as no one has heretofore tried to determine their frequency by means of statistics, I decided to undertake that task with the aid of my friend Professor Marro.

Amongst 1029 operatives and soldiers I found a proportion of four per cent. in men and five to eight per cent. in women. Among lunatics the proportions are not much different. On the other hand, studying a certain number of criminals, the quota of left-handedness was found more than tripled in men, thirteen per cent., and nearly quintupled in women, twenty-two per cent. Some particular kinds of criminals, however, as, for example, swindlers, offered me again a much greater proportion, thirty-three per cent., while murderers and ravishers give less—from nine to ten per cent. At all events, this is a new characteristic, which connects criminals with savages, and differentiates them from sane people as well as lunatics.

As appetite comes in eating (according to the proverb), so, once in the midst of these first discoveries, I wished to see if I could not go farther in my researches. Until now, I thought, left-handedness only has been studied. Would it not be worth the trouble to search if there be not, also, what one may call "left-sidedness" as applied to the senses—that is, if there be not men who have a greater sensibility on the left than on the right side? With this idea I instituted a kind of physiological surveillance over a number of my friends and colleagues, and over some working-men.

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As a result I found that left-sidedness is in much larger proportion than left-handedness, showing itself in no less than twenty-six per cent. of normal people. The curious fact appeared also that left-handed people do not have more of this sensitive left-sidedness than right-sided people, and not even as much, at least in the sense of touch, as criminals, who average twenty-seven per cent., although they show a difference in the intensity of the sense of touch. The proportion of sensitive left-sided people among criminals, however, becomes very much more if one takes into account the sensibility to pain, which they have more highly developed in the left side, and visual sharpness, which, according to the calculations of Dr. Bono, is not only greater in them than in honest men, but is more accentuated in the left eye than in the right. In lunatics, as is revealed by the researches of Tonnini and Amadei, this sensitive left-sidedness is almost more the rule than the exception, rising as high as forty-four per cent. It appears, then, that left-handed people are more numerous among criminals, and sensitive left-sided people among lunatics.

To understand the exact significance of these researches, it is necessary to know that a greater tendency to asymmetry is seen in the animal species the nearer they approach man and the more perfect they are. According to Livingstone, parrots are left-handed and so are wild animals (lions, etc.). Camerano found in decapod crustaceans the left tentacle stronger by 200 grams than the right, while Rollet (*Revue Scientifique,* 1889) found in twenty-seven anthropomorphous monkeys the left shoulder heavier than the right. Parot noted that in the new born the weight of the members of either side of the body is the same, the child using indifferently one or the other; it is only at two years of age that it begins to prefer the right; in middle age the difference becomes really acute, while, however, it lessens in old age. Furthermore, one notes that the asymmetry increases in proportion as the organs are noble, and more so the more they are exercised; so it is natural that in man one side of the body should prevail over the other and especially in the brain. The reason why the right predominates in most cases, above all, in the extremities, principally in the arms, is explained by the fact that the movements of the limbs are under the supreme direction of the brain, which, as we all know, is one of the highest organs, is the least symmetrical, and is divided into two parts not per-

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fectly alike. In fact, the left lobe takes precedence. Receiving the blood from the heart more directly and in greater quantities than the right, it is the first to develop from the embryo, works more, and is the more voluminous of the two, the right only serving, one may say, as a help or reinforcement to the other.

Thanks to the lesser activity of the right lobe, the left parts which get their strength from it (in the world of nerves the organs always cross, and the right members of the body receive the nerves from the left of the brain, and *vice versa*) remain less agile and robust than those of the opposite side. As asymmetry always grows in proportion to the development, and as the brain is among the organs which develop the most, it becomes more asymmetric the more it works. Therefore, as man advances in civilization and culture, he shows an always greater right-sidedness as compared to savages, the masculine in this way outnumbering the feminine and adults outnumbering children. Thus women and savage races, even when they are not properly left-handed, have certain gestures and movements which are a species of left-handedness. Some time ago Delaunay observed that the man holds out the right arm, which the woman takes with the left; that the woman buttons her clothes from right to left, while the man does so from left to right, and that women and children, when they trace a line or turn a key, for instance, of a watch, initiate the movement from right to left, while the adult man does so always from left to right. This explains why, in early times, and still among people little civilized, such as Arabs, the writing was preferably from right to left, which is the habit of children until corrected. Delaunay even went so far in his observations as to discover that antique chronometers were wound from right to left, while modern ones are wound in the opposite direction.

When the two lobes of the brain do not work as usual, a greater difficulty is observed in controlling the emotions or those exceptional phenomena which, until now, have never been satisfactorily explained, such as, for instance, the doubling of personality. Such a case was mentioned by me in "Genius and Lunacy," in which a person subject to hallucinations, while declaring that he heard voices right and left, confessed that those on the right were not true ones but his own fantasy, because evidently on that side the ailment was less strong and disturbed the system less.

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Ball describes another, who, going mad from sunstroke, heard a voice asking news of his health. Later, to the voice was added a phantom, with a long beard and black eyes, who little by little became his master, or more precisely his jailer. The phantom ordered him to throw a watch into the fire, and he did so; to poison a woman and child, and he, although with repugnance, killed them. As he explained to his physician: "I have two brains, a right which is mine, and a left which is my tyrant's; unfortunately, the latter always ends by vanquishing." Perhaps thus may be explained that frenzy of doubt, where "the yes and no in the head dispute," in which one sees a man incapable of making a decision, supplicating others with words and gestures to do so for him. This is a case in which there is contradiction between the two lobes of the brain, as in the case of a pair of horses, one wishing to go in one direction and the other in another, so that the great effort to act is frustrated by a complete inertia, when an extraneous influence does not intervene to re-establish order. In the same way I try to explain another and more curious fact, which occurs in certain old lunatics, that of writing backwards as is done in lithographs. We, from children, imagine and probably acquire the forms of the letters correctly in the left lobe, and backwards in the right, and so we reproduce them according as the left or right lobe predominates. Vogt, in fact, in an interesting experience with about a hundred children, noted that when they were made to write a word with the right hand and then with the left, a likeness in the writing was scarcely ever attained; but, on the contrary, if that of the left hand was written backwards and shown in a mirror, a likeness was seen.

These, however, are simple hypotheses; but what is sure is, that criminals are more often left-handed than honest men, and lunatics are more sensitively left-sided than either of the other two. That fact indicates that in criminals and lunatics the right lobe predominates very much more often than in normal persons. While the healthy man thinks and feels with the left lobe, the abnormal thinks, wills, and feels more with the right—thinks "crooked," as the popular proverb truly has it. I may say that the little research I have made in brains and skulls of criminals shows a singular prevalence of the right lobe. In the only brain of a criminal weighed by Bischoff, the right lobe was twenty-one grains heavier than the left. In fifteen brains of homicidal

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thieves, weighed by Professor Giacomini, eight had the right lobe twenty-one grains the heavier, and only in seven was the left heavier, with an average of thirty grains. I have studied forty-four heads of criminals in my museum at Turin, and I find asymmetry very prevalent in the right lobe in forty-one per cent., and in the left in twenty per cent. This agrees (in a negative way) with what Boyd and Ireland ("The Brain," 1880) find in normal brains, which present a greater development on the left side, and Bastian, who finds a greater specific weight in the gray substance of the left hemisphere in comparison with that of the right.

Here it may be said: How is it that one person is left-handed, and another sensitively left-sided, and not both together? How is it that there are in the world left-handed people who are anything but lunatics and idiots and even less criminals? This is explained by the fact, that the workings of the brain which influence the movements are quite different from those which act on the sensibilities, and so it may easily be that the first predominate over the last.

Besides, the presence of a single hereditary trait in an individual does not at all mean that all his organism is in a state of arrested development or of inferiority. As long as there is nothing but left-handedness or sensitive left-sidedness, it is as though we had only one musical note, which, taken alone, signifies nothing and gives no harmony; that is, such traces of lunacy or criminality, until associated with other symptoms, such as exaggerated cranium asymmetry, hallucinations, etc., mean nothing. So one can without difficulty find among good men real left-handedness, as among the greatest evil-doers there are some who have not that characteristic. I do not dream at all of saying that all left-handed people are wicked, but that left-handedness, united to many other traits, may contribute to form one of the worst characters among the human species.

Here I will note a curious thing. Long before I, after much technical observation, came to this conclusion, the people in the provinces of Emilia, Lombardy, and Tuscany had already declared the same when they framed and used the saying, "He is left-handed," to express the idea that a person is untrustworthy.

CESARE LOMBROSO.

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THE HOUR-GLASS.

A MORALITY.

BY W. B. YEATS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

A WISE MAN. SOME PUPILS.
A FOOL. AN ANGEL.
THE WISE MAN'S WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN.

SCENE.

A large room with a door at the back and another at the side opening to an inner room. A desk and a chair in the middle. An hour-glass on a bracket near the door. A creepy stool near it. Some benches. An astronomical globe. A blackboard. A large ancient map of the world on the wall. Some musical instruments. Floor strewed with rushes. A wise man sitting at his desk.

Wise Man (turning over the pages of a book). Where is that passage I am to explain to my pupils to-day? Here it is, and the book says that it was written by a beggar on the walls of Babylon: "There are two living countries, the one visible and the one invisible; and when it is winter with us it is summer in that country, and when the November winds are up among us it is lambing-time there." I wish that my pupils had asked me to explain any other passage, for this is a hard passage. *(The Fool comes in and stands at the door holding out his hat. He has a pair of shears in the other hand.)* It sounds to me like foolishness; and yet that cannot be, for the writer of this book, where I have found so much knowledge, would not have set it by itself on this page, and surrounded it with so many images and so many deep colors and so much fine gilding, if it had been foolishness.

Fool. Give me a penny.

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Wise Man (turns to another page). Here he has written: "The learned in old times forgot the visible country." That I understand, but I have taught my learners better.

Fool. Won't you give me a penny?

Wise Man. What do you want? The words of the wise Saracen will not teach you much.

Fool. Such a great wise teacher as you are will not refuse a penny to a Fool.

Wise Man. What do you know about wisdom?

Fool. Oh, I know! I know what I have seen.

Wise Man. What is it you have seen?

Fool. When I went by Kilcluan where the bells used to be ringing at the break of every day, I could hear nothing but the people snoring in their houses. When I went by Tubbervanach where the young men used to be climbing the hill to the blessed well, they were sitting at the crossroads playing cards. When I went by Carrigoras where the friars used to be fasting and serving the poor, I saw them drinking wine and obeying their wives. And when I asked what misfortune had brought all these changes, they said it was no misfortune, but it was the wisdom they had learned from your teaching.

Wise Man. Run round to the kitchen, and my wife will give you something to eat.

Fool. That is foolish advice for a wise man to give.

Wise Man. Why, Fool?

Fool. What is eaten is gone. I want pennies for my bag. I must buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun is weak. And I want snares to catch the rabbits and the squirrels and the hares, and a pot to cook them in.

Wise Man. Go away. I have other things to think of now than giving you pennies.

Fool. Give me a penny and I will bring you luck. Bresal the Fisherman lets me sleep among the nets in his loft in the winter-time because he says I bring him luck; and in the summer-time the wild creatures let me sleep near their nests and their holes. It is lucky even to look at me or to touch me, but it is much more lucky to give me a penny. *(Holds out his hand.)* If I wasn't lucky, I'd starve.

Wise Man. What have you got the shears for?

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Fool. I won't tell you. If I told you, you would drive them away.

Wise Man. Whom would I drive away?

Fool. I won't tell you.

Wise Man. Not if I give you a penny?

Fool. No.

Wise Man. Not if I give you two pennies?

Fool. You will be very lucky if you give me two pennies, but I won't tell you.

Wise Man. Three pennies?

Fool. Four, and I will tell you!

Wise Man. Very well, four. But I will not call you Teigue the Fool any longer.

Fool. Let me come close to you where nobody will hear me. But first you must promise you will not drive them away. *(Wise Man nods.)* Every day men go out dressed in black and spread great black nets over the hills, great black nets.

Wise Man. Why do they do that?

Fool. That they may catch the feet of the angels. But every morning, just before the dawn, I go out and cut the nets with my shears, and the angels fly away.

Wise Man. Ah, now I know that you are Teigue the Fool. You have told me that I am wise, and I have never seen an angel.

Fool. I have seen plenty of angels.

Wise Man. Do you bring luck to the angels too?

Fool. Oh, no, no! No one could do that. But they are always there if one looks about one; they are like the blades of grass.

Wise Man. When do you see them?

Fool. When one gets quiet; then something wakes up inside one, something happy and quiet like the stars—not like the seven that move, but like the fixed stars. *(He points upward.)*

Wise Man. And what happens then?

Fool. Then all in a minute one smells summer flowers, and tall people go by, happy and laughing, and their clothes are the color of burning sods.

Wise Man. Is it long since you have seen them, Teigue the Fool?

Fool. Not long, glory be to God! I saw one coming behind me just now. It was not laughing, but it had clothes the color of burning sods, and there was something shining about its head.

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Wise Man. Well, there are your four pennies. You, a fool, say "glory be to God," but before I came the wise men said it. Run away now. I must ring the bell for my scholars.

Fool. Four pennies! That means a great deal of luck. Great teacher, I have brought you plenty of luck! *(He goes out shaking the bag.)*

Wise Man. Though they call him Teigue the Fool, he is not more foolish than everybody used to be, with their dreams and their preachings and their three worlds; but I have overthrown their three worlds with the seven sciences. *(He touches the books with his hands.)* With Philosophy that was made for the lonely star, I have taught them to forget Theology; with Architecture, I have hidden the ramparts of their cloudy heaven; with Music, the fierce planets' daughter whose hair is always on fire, and with Grammar that is the moon's daughter, I have shut their ears to the imaginary harpings and speech of the angels; and I have made formations of battle with Arithmetic that have put the hosts of heaven to the rout. But, Rhetoric and Dialectic, that have been born out of the light star and out of the amorous star, you have been my spearman and my catapult! Oh! my swift horsemen! Oh! my keen darting arguments, it is because of you that I have overthrown the hosts of foolishness! *(An Angel, in a dress the color of embers, and carrying a blossoming apple bough in his hand and a gilded halo about his head, stands upon the threshold.)* Before I came, men's minds were stuffed with folly about a heaven where birds sang the hours, and about angels that came and stood upon men's thresholds. But I have locked the visions into heaven and turned the key upon them. Well, I must consider this passage about the two countries. My mother used to say something of the kind. She would say that when our bodies sleep our souls awake, and that whatever withers here ripens yonder, and that harvests are snatched from us that they may feed invisible people. But the meaning of the book must be different, for only fools and women have thoughts like that; their thoughts were never written upon the walls of Babylon. *(He sees the Angel.)* What are you? Who are you? I think I saw some that were like you in my dreams when I was a child—that bright thing, that dress that is the color of embers! But I have done with dreams, I have done with dreams.

Angel. I am the Angel of the Most High God.

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Wise Man. Why have you come to me?

Angel. I have brought you a message.

Wise Man. What message have you got for me?

Angel. You will die within the hour. You will die when the last grains have fallen in this glass. *(He turns the hour-glass.)*

Wise Man. My time to die has not come. I have my pupils. I have a young wife and children that I cannot leave. Why must I die?

Angel. You must die because no souls have passed over the threshold of Heaven since you came into this country. The threshold is grassy, and the gates are rusty, and the angels that keep watch there are lonely.

Wise Man. Where will death bring me to?

Angel. The doors of Heaven will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of Heaven; and the doors of Purgatory will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of Purgatory.

Wise Man. But I have also denied the existence of Hell!

Angel. Hell is the place of those who deny.

Wise Man (kneels). I have, indeed, denied everything and have taught others to deny. I have believed in nothing but what my senses told me. But, oh! beautiful Angel, forgive me, forgive me!

Angel. You should have asked forgiveness long ago.

Wise Man. Had I seen your face as I see it now, Oh! beautiful Angel, I would have believed, I would have asked forgiveness. Maybe you do not know how easy it is to doubt. Storm, death, the grass rotting, many sicknesses, those are the messengers that came to me. Oh! why are you silent? You carry the pardon of the Most High; give it to me! I would kiss your hands if I were not afraid—no, no, the hem of your dress!

Angel. You let go undying hands too long ago to take hold of them now.

Wise Man. You cannot understand. You live in that country people only see in their dreams. You live in a country that we can only dream about. Maybe it is as hard for you to understand why we disbelieve as it is for us to believe. Oh! what have I said! You know everything! Give me time to undo what I have done. Give me a year—a month—a day—an hour! Give me to this hour's end, that I may undo what I have done!

Angel. You cannot undo what you have done. Yet I have this power with my message. If you can find one that believes before

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the hour's end, you shall come to Heaven after the years of Purgatory. For, from one fiery seed, watched over by those that sent me, the harvest can come again to heap the golden threshing floor. But now farewell, for I am weary of the weight of time.

Wise Man. Blessed be the Father, blessed be the Son, blessed be the Spirit, blessed be the Messenger They have sent!

Angel (at the door and pointing at the hour-glass). In a little while the uppermost glass will be empty. *(Goes out.)*

Wise Man. Everything will be well with me. I will call my pupils; they only say they doubt. *(Pulls the bell.)* They will be here in a moment. I hear their feet outside on the path. They want to please me; they pretend that they disbelieve. Belief is too old to be overcome all in a minute. Besides I can prove what I once disproved. *(Another pull at the bell.)* They are coming now. I will go to my desk. I will speak quietly, as if nothing had happened. *(He stands at the desk with a fixed look in his eyes.)*

Enter Pupils and the Fool.

Fool. Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Who is that pulling at my bag? King's son, do not pull at my bag.

A Young Man. Did your friends the angels give you that bag? Why don't they fill your bag for you?

Fool. Give me pennies! Give me some pennies!

A Young Man. Let go his cloak, it is coming to pieces. What do you want pennies for, with that great bag at your waist?

Fool. I want to buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun is weak, and snares to catch rabbits and the squirrels that steal the nuts, and hares, and a great pot to cook them in.

A Young Man. Why don't your friends tell you where buried treasures are?

Another. Why don't they make you dream about treasures? If one dreams three times there is always treasure.

Fool (holding out his hat). Give me pennies! Give me pennies!

They throw pennies into his hat. He is standing close to the door, that he may hold out his hat to each newcomer.

A Young Man. Master, will you have Teigue the Fool for a scholar?

Another Young Man. Teigue, will you give us your pennies

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if we teach you lessons? No, he goes to school for nothing on the mountains. Tell us what you learn on the mountains, Teigue?

Wise Man. Be silent all. *(He has been standing silent, looking away.)* Stand still in your places, for there is something I would have you tell me.

A moment's pause. They all stand round in their places. Teigue still stands at the door.

Wise Man. Is there any one amongst you who believes in God? In Heaven? Or in Purgatory? Or in Hell?

All the Young Men. No one, Master! No one!

Wise Man. I knew you would all say that; but do not be afraid. I will not be angry. Tell me the truth. Do you not believe?

A Young Man. We once did, but you have taught us to know better.

Wise Man. Oh! teaching, teaching does not go very deep! The heart remains unchanged under it all. You believe just as you always did, and you are afraid to tell me.

A Young Man. No, no, Master!

Wise Man. If you tell me that you believe I shall be glad and not angry.

A Young Man (to his neighbor). He wants somebody to dispute with.

His Neighbor. I knew that from the beginning.

A Young Man. That is not the subject for to-day; you were going to talk about the words the beggar wrote upon the walls of Babylon.

Wise Man. If there is one amongst you that believes, he will be my best friend. Surely there is one amongst you. *(They are all silent.)* Surely what you learned at your mother's knees has not been so soon forgotten.

A Young Man. Master, till you came, no teacher in this land was able to get rid of foolishness and ignorance. But every one has listened to you, every one has learned the truth. You have had your last disputation.

Another. What a fool you made of that monk in the market-place! He had not a word to say.

Wise Man (comes from his desk and stands among them in the middle of the room). Pupils, dear friends, I have deceived you all this time. It was I myself who was ignorant. There is a God.

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There is a Heaven. There is fire that passes and there is fire that lasts forever.

Teigue, through all this, is sitting on a stool by the door, reckoning on his fingers what he will buy with his money.

A Young Man (to another). He will not be satisfied till we dispute with him. *(To the Wise Man.)* Prove it, Master. Have you seen them?

Wise Man (in a low, solemn voice). Just now, before you came in, some one came to the door, and when I looked up I saw an angel standing there.

A Young Man. You were in a dream. Anybody can see an angel in his dreams.

Wise Man. Oh, my God! It was not a dream! I was awake, waking as I am now. I tell you I was awake as I am now.

A Young Man. Some dream when they are awake, but they are the crazy and who would believe what they say? Forgive me, Master, but that is what you taught me to say. That is what you said to the monk when he spoke of the visions of the saints and the martyrs.

Another Young Man. You see how well we remember your teaching.

Wise Man. Out, out from my sight! I want some one with belief. I must find that grain the Angel spoke of before I die. I tell you I must find it, and you answer me with arguments. Out with you, or I will beat you with my stick! *(The young men laugh.)*

A Young Man. How well he plays at faith! He is like the monk when he had nothing more to say.

Wise Man. Out, out, or I will lay this stick about your shoulders! Out with you, though you are a King's son! *(They begin to hurry out.)*

A Young Man. Come, come; he wants us to find some one who will dispute with him. *(All go out.)*

Wise Man (alone; he goes to the door at the side). I will call my wife. She will believe; women always believe. *(He opens the door and calls.)* Bridget! Bridget! *(Bridget comes in wearing her apron, her sleeves turned up from her floury arms.)* Bridget, tell me the truth; do not say what you think will please me. Do you sometimes say your prayers?

Bridget. Prayers! No, you taught me to leave them off long

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ago. At first I was sorry, but I am glad now for I am sleepy in the evenings.

Wise Man. But do you not believe in God?

Bridget. Oh, a good wife only believes what her husband tells her!

Wise Man. But sometimes when you are alone, when I am in the school and the children asleep, do you not think about the saints, about the things you used to believe in? What do you think of when you are alone?

Bridget (considering). I think about nothing. Sometimes I wonder if the pig is fattening well, or I go out to see if the crows are picking up the chicken's food.

Wise Man. Oh, what can I do! Is there nobody who believes? I must go and find somebody! *(He goes towards the door, but stops with his eyes fixed on the hour-glass.)* I cannot go out; I cannot leave that!

Bridget. You want somebody to get up an argument with.

Wise Man. Oh, look out of the door and tell me if there is anybody there in the street. I cannot leave this glass; somebody might shake it! Then the sand would fall more quickly.

Bridget. I don't understand what you are saying. *(Looks out.)* There is a great crowd of people talking to your pupils.

Wise Man. Oh, run out, Bridget, and see if they have found somebody that believes!

Bridget (wiping her arms in her apron and pulling down her sleeves). It's a hard thing to be married to a man of learning that must be always having arguments. *(Goes out and shouts through the kitchen door.)* Don't be meddling with the bread, children, while I'm out.

Wise Man (kneels down). "*Salvum me fac, Deus—salvum—salvum. . . .*" I have forgotten it all. It is thirty years since I have said a prayer. I must pray in the common tongue, like a clown begging in the market, like Teigue the Fool! *(He prays.)* Help me, Father, Son and Spirit!

Bridget enters, followed by the Fool, who is holding out his hat to her.

Fool. Give me something; give me a penny to buy bacon in the shops, and nuts in the market, and strong drink for the time when the sun grows weak.

Bridget. I have no pennies. *(To the Wise Man.)* Your pupils

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cannot find anybody to argue with you. There is nobody in the whole country who had enough belief to fill a pipe with since you put down the monk. Can't you be quiet now and not always be wanting to have arguments? It must be terrible to have a mind like that.

Wise Man. I am lost! I am lost!

Bridget. Leave me alone now; I have to make the bread for you and the children.

Wise Man. Out of this, woman, out of this, I say! *(Bridget goes through the kitchen door.)* Will nobody find a way to help me! But she spoke of my children. I had forgotten them. They will believe. It is only those who have reason that doubt; the young are full of faith. Bridget, Bridget, send my children to me!

Bridget (inside). Your father wants you; run to him now. *The two children come in. They stand together a little way from the threshold of the kitchen door, looking timidly at their father.*

Wise Man. Children, what do you believe? Is there a Heaven? Is there a Hell? Is there a Purgatory?

First Child. We haven't forgotten, father.

The Other Child. O no, father. *(They both speak together as if in school.)* There is no Heaven; there is no Hell; there is nothing we cannot see.

First Child. Foolish people used to think that there were, but you are very learned and you have taught us better.

Wise Man. You are just as bad as the others, just as bad as the others! Out of the room with you, out of the room! *(The children begin to cry and run away.)* Go away, go away! I will teach you better—no, I will never teach you again. Go to your mother; no, she will not be able to teach them . . . Help them, O God! *(Alone.)* The grains are going very quickly. There is very little sand in the uppermost glass. Somebody will come for me in a moment; perhaps he is at the door now! All creatures that have reason doubt. O that the grass and the planets could speak! Somebody has said that they would wither if they doubted. O speak to me, O grass blades! O fingers of God's certainty, speak to me. You are millions and you will not speak. I dare not know the moment the messenger will come for me. I will cover the glass. *(He covers it and brings it to the desk, and the Fool is sitting by the door fiddling with some flowers which he has*

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stuck in his hat. He has begun to blow a dandelion head.) What are you doing?

Fool. Wait a moment. *(He blows.)* Four, five, six.

Wise Man. What are you doing that for?

Fool. I am blowing at the dandelion to find out what time it is.

Wise Man. You have heard everything! That is why you want to find out what hour it is! You are waiting to see them coming through the door to carry me away. *(Fool goes on blowing.)* Out through the door with you! I will have no one here when they come. *(He seizes the Fool by the shoulders, and begins to force him out through the door, then suddenly changes his mind.)* No, I have something to ask you. *(He drags him back into the room.)* Is there a Heaven? Is there a Hell? Is there a Purgatory?

Fool. So you ask me now. I thought when you were asking your pupils, I said to myself, if he would ask Teigue the Fool, Teigue could tell him all about it, for Teigue has learned all about it when he has been cutting the nets.

Wise Man. Tell me; tell me!

Fool. I said, Teigue knows everything. Not even the owls and the hares that milk the cows have Teigue's wisdom. But Teigue will not speak; he says nothing.

Wise Man. Tell me, tell me! For under the cover the grains are falling and when they are all fallen I shall die; and my soul will be lost if I have not found somebody that believes! Speak, speak!

Fool (looking wise). No, no, I won't tell you what is in my mind, and I won't tell you what is in my bag. You might steal away my thoughts. I met a bodach on the road yesterday, and he said, "Teigue, tell me how many pennies are in your bag. I will wager three pennies that there are not twenty pennies in your bag; let me put in my hand and count them." But I pulled the strings tighter, like this; and when I go to sleep every night I hide the bag where no one knows.

Wise Man (goes towards the hour-glass as if to uncover it). No, no, I have not the courage! *(He kneels.)* Have pity upon me, Fool, and tell me!

Fool. Ah! Now, that is different. I am not afraid of you now. But I must come near you; somebody in there might hear what the Angel said.

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Wise Man. Oh, what did the Angel tell you?

Fool. Once I was alone on the hills, and an angel came by and he said, "Teigue the Fool, do not forget the Three Fires; the Fire that punishes, the Fire that purifies, and the Fire wherein the soul rejoices forever!"

Wise Man. He believes! I am saved! Help me. The sand has run out. I am dying. . . . *(Fool helps him to his chair.)* I am going from the country of the seven wandering stars, and I am going to the country of the fixed stars! Ring the bell. *(Fool rings the bell.)* Are they coming? Ah! now I hear their feet. . . . I will speak to them. I understand it all now. One sinks in on God; we do not see the truth; God sees the truth in us. I cannot speak, I am too weak. Tell them, Fool, that when the life and the mind are broken the truth comes through them like peas through a broken peascod. But no, I will pray— Yet I cannot pray. Pray, Fool, that they may be given a sign and save their souls alive. Your prayers are better than mine.

Fool bows his head. Wise Man's head sinks on his arm on the books. Pupils enter.

A Young Man. Look at the Fool turned bell-ringer!

Another. What have you called us in for, Teigue? What are you going to tell us?

Another. No wonder he has had dreams! See, he is fast asleep now. *(Goes over and touches him.)* Oh, he is dead!

Fool. Do not stir! He asked for a sign that you might be saved. *(All are silent for a moment.)* . . . Look at the butterfly!

A Young Man. It is his soul! *(They all kneel. The butterfly goes up. The Fool points upward.)*

CURTAIN.

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THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART IX.

XXII.

"THE difficulty is," Strether said to Mme. de Vionnet a couple of days later, "that I can't surprise them into the smallest sign of his not being the same old Chad they've been for the last three years glowering at across the sea. They simply won't give any, and as a policy, you know—what you call a *parti pris,* a deep game—that's positively remarkable."

It was so remarkable that our friend had pulled up before his hostess with the vision of it; he had risen from his chair at the end of ten minutes and begun, as a help not to worry, to move about before her quite as he moved before Maria. He had kept his appointment with her to the minute and had been intensely impatient, though divided in truth between the sense of having everything to tell her and the sense of having nothing at all. The short interval had, in the face of their complication, multiplied his impressions—it being meanwhile to be noted, moreover, that he already frankly, already almost publicly, viewed the complication as common to them. If Mme. de Vionnet, under Sarah's eyes, had pulled him into her boat, there was by this time no doubt whatever that he had remained in it and that what he had really most been conscious of for many hours together was the movement of the vessel itself. They were in it together this moment as they had not yet been, and he had not at present uttered the least of the words of alarm or remonstrance that had died on his lips at the hotel. He had other things to say to her than that she had put him in a position; so quickly had his position grown to affect him as quite excitingly, altogether richly, inevitable. That the outlook, however—given the standpoint—had not cleared up half so much as he had reckoned was the first warning she had had to receive from him on his arrival. She had replied with indulgence that he was in too great a hurry, and had remarked soothingly that if she knew how to be patient surely *he* might be. He felt her presence, on the spot, he felt her tone and everything about her, as an aid to that effort; and it was perhaps one of the proofs of her success with him that he

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seemed so much to take his ease while they talked. By the time he had explained to her why his impressions, though multiplied, still baffled him, it was as if he had been familiarly talking for hours. They baffled him because Sarah—well, Sarah was deep; deeper than she had ever yet had a chance to show herself. He didn't say that this was partly the effect of her opening so straight down, as it were, into her mother, so that, given Mrs. Newsome's profundity, the shaft thus sunk might well have a reach; but he was not without the resigned apprehension that, at such a rate of confidence, he was likely soon to be moved to betray that already, at moments, it had been for him as if he were dealing directly with Mrs. Newsome. Sarah, to a certainty, would have begun herself to feel it in him—and this naturally put it in her power to torment him the more. From the moment she knew he *could* be tormented—!

"But *why* can you be?"—his companion was surprised at his use of the word.

"Because I'm made so—I think of everything."

"Ah, one must never do that," she smiled. "One must think of as few things as possible."

"Then," he answered, "one must pick them out right. But all I mean is—for I express myself with violence—that she's in a position to watch me. There's an element of suspense for me, and she can see me wriggle. But my wriggling doesn't matter," he pursued. "I can bear it. Besides, I shall wriggle out."

The picture, at any rate, stirred in her an appreciation that he felt to be sincere. "I don't see how a man can be kinder to a woman than you are to me."

Well, kind was what he wanted to be; yet, even while her charming eyes rested on him with the truth of this, he none the less had his humor of honesty. "When I say suspense I mean, you know," he laughed, "suspense about my own case too!"

"Oh yes—about your own case too!" It diminished his magnanimity, but she only looked at him the more tenderly.

"Not, however," he went on, "that I want to talk to you about that. It's my own little affair, and I mentioned it simply as part of Mrs. Pocock's advantage." No, no; though there was a queer present temptation in it, and his suspense was so real that to fidget was a relief, he wouldn't talk to her about Mrs. Newsome, wouldn't work off on her the anxiety produced in him by Sarah's calculated omissions of reference. The effect she produced of representing her mother had been produced—and that was just the immense, the uncanny part of it—without her having so much as mentioned that lady. She had brought no message, had alluded to no question, had only answered his inquiries with hopeless, limited propriety. She had invented a way of meeting them—as if he had been a polite, perfunctory poor relation, of distant degree—that made them almost ridiculous in him. He couldn't moreover, on his own side, ask much without appearing to publish how he had lately lacked

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news; a circumstance of which it was Sarah's profound policy not to betray a suspicion. These things, all the same, he wouldn't breathe to Mme. de Vionnet—much as they might make him walk up and down. And what he didn't say—as well as what *she* didn't, for she had also her high decencies—didn't diminish the effect of his being there with her at the end of ten minutes more intimately on the basis of saving her than he had yet had occasion to be. It ended in fact by being quite beautiful between them, the number of things they had a manifest consciousness of not saying. He would have liked to turn her, critically, to the subject of Mrs. Pocock, but he so stuck to the line he felt to be the point of honor and of delicacy that he scarce even asked her what her personal impression had been. He knew it, for that matter, without putting her to trouble; that she wondered how, with such elements, Sarah could still have no charm, was one of the principal things she held her tongue about. Strether would have been interested in her estimate of the elements —indubitably there, some of them, and to be appraised according to taste—but he denied himself even the luxury of this diversion. The way Mme. de Vionnet affected him to-day was in itself a kind of demonstration of the happy employment of gifts. How could a woman think Sarah had charm who struck one as having arrived at it herself by such different roads? On the other hand, of course, Sarah wasn't obliged to have it. He felt as if, somehow, Mme. de Vionnet *was*. The great question meanwhile was what Chad thought of his sister; which was naturally ushered in by that of Sarah's apprehension of Chad. *That* they could talk of, and with a freedom purchased by their discretion in other directions. The difficulty, however, was that they were reduced as yet to conjecture. He had given them in the day or two as little of a lead as Sarah, and Mme. de Vionnet mentioned that she had not seen him since his sister's arrival.

"And does that strike you as such an age?"

She met it in all honesty. "Oh, I won't pretend I don't miss him. Sometimes I see him every day. Our friendship is like that. Make what you will of it!" she whimsically smiled; a little flicker of the kind, occasional in her, that had more than once moved him to wonder what he might best make of *her*. "But he's perfectly right," she hastened to add, "and I wouldn't have him fail in any way, at present, for the world. I would sooner not see him for three months. I begged him to be beautiful to them, and he fully feels it for himself."

Strether turned away under his quick perception; she was so odd a mixture of lucidity and mystery. She fell in at moments with the theory about her that he most cherished, and she seemed at others to blow it into air. She spoke now as if her art were all an innocence, and then again as if her innocence were all an art. "Oh, he's giving himself up, and he'll do so to the end. How can he but want, now that it's within reach, his full impression?—which is

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much more important, you know, than either yours or mine. But he's just soaking," Strether said as he came back; "he's going in, conscientiously, for a saturation. I'm bound to say he *is* very good."

"Ah," she quietly replied, "to whom do you say it?" And then more quietly still: "He's capable of anything."

Strether more than reaffirmed—"Oh, he's excellent. I more and more like," he insisted, "to see him with them;" though the oddity of this tone between them grew sharper for him even while they spoke. It placed the young man so before them as the result of her interest and the product of her genius, acknowledged so her part in the phenomenon and made the phenomenon so rare, that, more than ever yet, he might have been on the very point of asking her for some more detailed account of the whole business than he had yet received from her. The occasion almost forced upon him some question as to how she had managed and as to the appearance such miracles presented from her own singularly close standpoint. The moment, in fact, however, passed, giving way to more present history, and he continued simply to mark his appreciation of the happy truth. "It's a tremendous comfort to feel how one can trust him." And then again while, for a little, she said nothing—as if, after all, to *her* trust there might be a special limit: "I mean for making a good show to them."

"Yes," she thoughtfully returned—"but if they shut their eyes to it!"

Strether for an instant had his own thought. "Well, perhaps that won't matter!"

"You mean because he probably—do what they will—won't like them?"

"Oh, 'do what they will'—! They won't do much; especially if Sarah hasn't more—well, more than one has yet made out—to give."

Mme. de Vionnet weighed it. "Ah, she has all her grace!" It was a statement over which, for a little, they could look at each other sufficiently straight, and, though it produced no protest from Strether the effect was somehow as if he had treated it as a joke. "She may be persuasive and caressing with him; she may be eloquent beyond words. She may get hold of him," she wound up—"well, as neither you nor I have."

"Yes, she *may*"—and now Strether smiled. "But he has spent all his time, each day, with Jim. He's still showing Jim round."

She visibly wondered. "Then how about Jim?"

Strether took a turn before he answered. "Hasn't he given you Jim? I mean, before this, done him for you?" He was a little at a loss. "Doesn't he tell you things?"

She hesitated. "No"—and their eyes once more gave and took. "Not as you do. You, somehow, make me see them—or at least feel them. And I haven't asked too much," she added; "I've wanted so, of late, not to worry him."

"Ah, for that, so have I," he said with encouraging assent; so

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that—as if she had answered everything—they were briefly sociable on it. It threw him back on his other thought, with which he took another turn; stopping again, however, presently, with something of a glow. "You see, Jim's really immense. I think it will be Jim who'll do it."

She wondered. "Get hold of him?"

"No—just the other thing. Counteract Sarah's spell." And he showed now, our friend, how far he had worked it out. "Jim's intensely cynical."

"Oh, dear Jim!" Mme. de Vionnet vaguely smiled.

"Yes, literally—dear Jim! He's awful. What *he* wants, heaven forgive him, is to help us."

"You mean"—she was eager—"help *me?*"

"Well, Chad and me in the first place. But he throws you in too, though without, as yet, seeing you much. Only, so far as he does see you—if you don't mind—he sees you as awful."

"'Awful'?"—she wanted it all.

"A regular bad one—though of course of a tremendously superior kind. Dreadful, delightful, irresistible."

"Ah, dear Jim! I should like to know him. I *must.*"

"Yes, naturally. But will it do? You may, you know," Strether suggested, "disappoint him."

She was funny and humble about it. "I can but try. But my wickedness then," she went on, "is my recommendation for him?"

"Your wickedness and the charms with which, in such a degree as yours, he associates it. He understands, you see, that Chad and I have above all wanted to have a good time, and his view is simple and sharp. Nothing will persuade him—in the light, that is, of my behavior—that I really didn't, quite as much as Chad, come over to have one before it was too late. He wouldn't have expected it of me; but men of my age, at Woollett—and especially the least likely ones—have been noted as liable to strange outbreaks, belated, uncanny clutches at the unusual, the ideal. It's an effect that a lifetime of Woollett has quite been observed as having; and I thus give it to you, in Jim's view, for what it's worth. Now his wife and his mother-in-law," Strether continued to explain, "have, as in honor bound, no patience with such doings, late or early—which puts Jim, as against his relatives, on the other side. Besides," he added, "I don't think he really wants Chad back. If Chad doesn't come—"

"He'll have"—Mme. de Vionnet quite apprehended—"more of the free hand?"

"Well, Chad's the bigger man."

"So he'll work now, *en dessous,* to keep him quiet?"

"No—he won't 'work' at all, and he won't do anything *en dessous.* He's very decent, and he won't be a traitor in the camp. But he'll be amused with his own little view of our duplicity, he'll

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sniff up what he supposes to be Paris from morning till night, and he'll be, as to the rest, for Chad—well, just what he is."

She thought it over. "A warning?"

He met it almost with glee. "You *are* as wonderful as everybody says!" And then to explain all he meant: "I drove him about for his first hour, and do you know what—all beautifully unconscious—he most put before me? Why, that something like *that* is at bottom, as an improvement to his present state, as in fact the real redemption of it, what they think it may not be too late to make of our friend." With which, as, taking it in, she seemed, in her recurrent alarm, bravely to gaze at the possibility, he completed his statement. "But it *is* too late. Thanks to you!"

It drew from her again one of her indefinite reflections. "Oh, 'me'—after all!"

He stood before her so exhilarated by his demonstration that he could fairly be jocular. "Everything's comparative. You're better than *that*."

"You"—she could but answer him—"are better than anything." But she had another thought. "*Will* Mrs. Pocock come to me?"

"Oh yes—she'll do that. As soon, that is, as my friend Waymarsh—*her* friend now—leaves her leisure."

She showed an interest. "Is he so much her friend as that?"

"Why, didn't you see it all at the hotel?"

"Oh"—she was amused—"'all' is a good deal to say. I don't know—I forget. I lost myself in *her*."

"You were splendid," Strether returned—"but 'all' isn't a good deal to say: it's only a little. Yet it's charming so far as it goes. She wants a man to herself."

"And hasn't she got *you*?"

"Do you think she looked at me—or even at you—as if she had?" Strether easily dismissed that irony. "Every one, you see, must strike her as having somebody. You've got Chad—and Chad has got you."

"I see"—she made of it what she could. "And you've got Maria."

Well, he on his side accepted that. "I've got Maria. And Maria has got me. So it goes."

"But Mr. Jim—whom has he got?"

"Oh, he has got—or it's as *if* he had—the whole place."

"But for Mr. Waymarsh"—she recalled—"isn't Miss Barrace before any one else?"

He shook his head. "Miss Barrace is a *raffinée*, and her amusement won't lose by Mrs. Pocock. It will gain rather—especially if Sarah triumphs and she comes in for a view of it."

"How well you know us!" Mme. de Vionnet, at this, frankly sighed.

"No—it seems to me it's *we* that I know. I know Sarah—it's perhaps on that ground only that my feet are firm. Waymarsh will

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take *her* round, while Chad takes Jim—and I shall be, I assure you, delighted for both of them. Sarah will have had what she requires —she will have paid *her* tribute to the ideal; and he will have done about the same. In Paris it's in the air—so what can one do less? If there's a point that, beyond any other, Sarah wants to make, it's that she didn't come out to be narrow. We shall feel at least *that*."

"Oh," she sighed, "the quantity we seem likely to 'feel'! But what becomes, in these conditions, of the girl?"

"Of Mamie—if we're all provided? Ah, for that," said Strether, "you can trust Chad."

"To be, you mean, all right to her?"

"To pay her every attention as soon as he has polished off Jim. He wants what Jim can give him—and what Jim really won't—though he has had it all, and more than all, from me. He wants in short his own personal impression, and he'll get it—strong. But as soon as he has got it Mamie won't suffer."

"Oh, Mamie mustn't *suffer!*" Mme. de Vionnet soothingly emphasized.

But Strether could assure her. "Don't fear. As soon as he has done with Jim, Jim will fall to me. And then you'll see."

It was as if, in a moment, she saw already; yet she still waited. Then, "Is she really quite charming?" she asked.

He had got up with his last words and gathered in his hat and gloves. "I don't know; I'm watching. I'm studying the case, as it were—and I dare say I shall be able to tell you."

She wondered. "Is it a case?"

"Yes—I think so. At any rate I shall see."

"But haven't you known her before?"

"Yes," he smiled—"but somehow at home she wasn't a case. She has become one since." It was as if he made it out for himself. "She has become one here."

"So very, very soon?"

He hesitated, laughing. "Not sooner than I did."

"And you became one—?"

"Very, very soon. The day I arrived."

Her intelligent eyes showed her thought of it. "Ah, but the day you arrived you met Maria. Whom has Miss Pocock met?"

He paused again, but he brought it out. "Hasn't she met Chad?"

"Certainly—but not for the first time. He's an old friend." At which Strether had a slow, amused, significant headshake that made her go on: "You mean that for *her* at least he's a new person—that she sees him as different?"

"She sees him as different."

"And how does she see him?"

Strether gave it up. "How can one tell how a deep little girl sees a deep young man?"

"Is every one so deep? Is she too?"

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"So it strikes me—deeper than I thought. But wait a little, and, between us, we'll make it out. You'll judge, for that matter, for yourself."

Mme. de Vionnet looked for the moment fairly bent on the chance. "Then she *will* come with her?—I mean Mamie with Mrs. Pocock?"

"Certainly. Her curiosity, if nothing else, will in any case work that. But leave it all to Chad."

"Ah," wailed Mme. de Vionnet, turning away a little wearily, "the things I leave to Chad!"

The tone of it made him look at her with a kindness that showed his vision of her suspense. But he fell back on his confidence. "Oh well—trust him. Trust him all the way." He had indeed no sooner so spoken than the queer displacement of his point of view appeared again to come up for him in the very sound, which drew from him a short laugh, immediately checked. He became still more advisory. "When they do come, give them plenty of Miss Jeanne. Let Mamie see her well."

She looked for a moment as if she placed them face to face. "For Mamie to hate her?"

He had another of his corrective headshakes. "Mamie won't. Trust *them*."

She looked at him hard, and then, as if it were what she must always come back to: "It's *you* I trust. But I was sincere," she said, "at the hotel. I did, I do, want my child—"

"Well?"—Strether waited with deference while she appeared to hesitate as to how to put it.

"Well, to do what she can for me."

Strether, for a little, met her eyes on it; after which something that might have been unexpected to her came from him. "Poor little duck!"

Not more expected for himself indeed might well have been her echo of it. "Poor little duck! But she immensely wants, herself," she said, "to see our friend's cousin."

"Is that what she thinks her?"

"It's what we call the young lady."

He thought again; then with a laugh: "Well, your daughter will help you."

And now at last he took leave of her, as he had been intending for five minutes. But she went part of the way with him, accompanying him out of the room and into the next and the next. Her noble old apartment offered a succession of three, the first two of which indeed, on entering, smaller than the last, but each with its faded and formal air, enlarged the office of the antechamber and enriched the sense of approach. Strether fancied them, liked them, and, passing through them with her more slowly now, met a sharp renewal of his original impression. He stopped, he looked back; the whole thing made a vista, which he found high, melancholy and

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sweet—full, once more, of dim historic shades, of the faint far-away cannon-roar of the great Empire. It was doubtless half the projection of his mind, but his mind was a thing that, among old waxed parquets, pale shades of pink and green, pseudo-classic candelabra, he had always needfully to reckon with. They could easily make him irrelevant. The oddity, the originality, the poetry—he didn't know what to call it—of Chad's connection reaffirmed for him its romantic side. "They ought to see this, you know. They *must*."

"The Pococks?"—she looked about in deprecation; she seemed to see gaps he didn't.

"Mamie and Sarah—Mamie in particular."

"My shabby old place? But *their* things—!"

"Oh, their things! You were talking of what will do something for you—"

"So that it strikes you," she broke in, "that my poor place may? Oh," she ruefully mused, "that *would* be desperate!"

"Do you know what I wish?" he went on. "I wish Mrs. Newsome herself could have a look."

She stared, missing a little his logic. "It would make a difference?"

Her tone was so earnest that, as he continued to look about, he laughed. "It might!"

"But you've told her, you tell me—"

"All about you? Yes, a wonderful story. But there's all the indescribable—what one gets only on the spot."

"Thank you!" she charmingly and sadly smiled.

"It's all about me here," he freely continued. "Mrs. Newsome feels things."

But she seemed doomed, always, to come back to doubt. "No one feels so much as *you*. No—no one."

"So much the worse then for every one. It's very easy."

They were by this time in the antechamber, still alone together, as she had not rung for a servant. The antechamber was high and square, grave and suggestive too, a little cold and slippery even in summer, and with a few old prints that were precious, Strether divined, on the walls. He stood in the middle, slightly lingering, vaguely directing his glasses, while, leaning against the door-post of the room, she gently pressed her cheek to the side of the recess. "*You* would have been a friend."

"I?"—it startled him a little.

"For the reason you say. You're not stupid." And then abruptly, as if her bringing it out were somehow founded on that fact: "We're marrying Jeanne."

It affected him on the spot as a move in a game, and he was even then not without the sense that that wasn't the way Jeanne should be married. But he quickly showed his interest, though—as quickly afterwards struck him—with an absurd confusion of mind.

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"'You'? You and—a—not Chad?" Of course it was the child's father who made the 'we'; but to the child's father it would have cost him an effort to allude. Yet didn't it seem the next minute that M. de Vionnet was, after all, not in question?—since she had gone on to say that it was indeed to Chad she referred and that he had been, in the whole matter, kindness itself.

"If I must tell you all, it is he himself who has put us in the way. I mean in the way of an opportunity that, so far as I can yet see, is all I could possibly have dreamed of. For all the trouble M. de Vionnet will ever take!" It was the first time she had spoken to him of her husband, and he couldn't have expressed how much more intimate with her it suddenly made him feel. It wasn't much, in truth—there were other things, in what she was saying, that were far more; but it was as if, while they stood there together so easily in these cold chambers of the past, the single touch had shown the reach of her confidence. "But our friend," she asked, "hasn't then told you?"

"He has told me nothing."

"Well, it has come with rather a rush—all in a very few days; and hasn't moreover yet taken a form that permits an announcement. It's only for you—absolutely you alone—that I speak; I so want you to know." The sense he had so often had, since the first hour of his disembarkment, of being further and further "in," treated him again, at this moment, to another twinge; but in this wonderful way of her putting him in there continued to be something exquisitely remorseless. "M. de Vionnet will accept what he *must* accept. He has proposed half a dozen things—each one more impossible than the other; and he wouldn't have found this if he lives to a hundred. Chad found it," she continued with her lighted, faintly flushed, her conscious, confidential face, "in the quietest way in the world. Or rather it found *him*—for everything finds him; I mean finds him right. You'll think we do such things strangely—but at my age," she smiled, "one has to accept one's conditions. Our young man's people had seen her; one of his sisters, a charming woman—we know all about them—had observed her somewhere with me. She had spoken to her brother—turned him on; and we were again observed, poor Jeanne and I, without our in the least knowing it. It was at the beginning of the winter; it went on for some time; it outlasted our absence; it began again on our return; and it luckily seems all right. The young man had met Chad, and he got a friend to approach him—as having a decent interest in us. Mr. Newsome looked well before he leaped; he kept beautifully quiet and satisfied himself fully; then only he spoke. It's what has for some time past occupied us. It seems as if it were what would do; really, really all one could wish. There are only two or three points to be settled—they depend on her father. But this time I think we're safe."

Strether, consciously gaping a little, had fairly hung upon her

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lips. "I hope so with all my heart." And then he permitted himself: "Does nothing depend on *her*?"

"Ah, naturally; everything did. But she's as pleased as Punch. She has been perfectly free; and he—our young friend—is really a combination. I quite adore him."

Strether just made sure. "You mean your future son-in-law?"

"Future if we all bring it off."

"Ah well," said Strether decorously, "I heartily hope you may." There seemed little else for him to say, though her communication had the oddest effect on him. Vaguely and confusedly he was troubled by it; feeling as if he had even himself been concerned in something deep and dim. He had allowed for depths, but these were greater: and it was as if, oppressively—indeed absurdly—he was responsible for what they had now thrown up to the surface. It was—through something ancient and cold in it—what he would have called the real thing. In short his hostess's news, though he couldn't have explained why, was a sensible shock, and his oppression a weight he felt he must, somehow or other, immediately get rid of. There were too many connections missing to make it tolerable he should do anything else. He was prepared to suffer—before his own inner tribunal—for Chad; he was prepared to suffer even for Mme. de Vionnet. But he wasn't prepared to suffer for the little girl. So now, having said the proper thing, he wanted to get away. She held him an instant, however, with another appeal.

"Do I seem to you very awful?"

"Awful? Why so?" But he called it to himself, even as he spoke, his biggest insincerity yet.

"Our arrangements are so different from yours."

"Mine?" Oh, he could dismiss that too! "I haven't any arrangements."

"Then you must accept mine; all the more that they're excellent. They're founded on a *vieille sagesse*. There will be much more, if all goes well, for you to hear and to know, and everything, believe me, for you to like. Don't be afraid; you'll be satisfied." Thus she could talk to him of what, of her innermost life—for that was what it came to—he must "accept"; thus she could extraordinarily speak as if, in such an affair, his being satisfied had an importance. It was all a wonder, and it made the whole case larger. He had struck himself at the hotel, before Sarah and Waymarsh, as being in her boat; but where on earth was he now? This question was in the air till her own lips quenched it with another. "And do you suppose *he*—who loves her so—would do anything reckless or cruel?"

He wondered what he supposed. "Do you mean your young man—?"

"I mean yours. I mean Mr. Newsome." It flashed for Strether the next moment a finer light, and the light deepened as she went on. "He takes, thank God, the truest, tenderest, interest in her."

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It deepened indeed. "Oh, I'm sure of that!"

"You were talking," she said, "about one's trusting him. You see then how I do."

He wanted but a moment—it all came. "I see—I see." He felt he really did see.

"He wouldn't hurt her for the world, nor—assuming she marries at all—risk anything that might make against her happiness. And —willingly, at least—he would never hurt *me*."

Her face, with what he had by this time grasped, told him more than her words; whether something had come into it, or whether he only read clearer, her whole story—what at least he then took for such—reached out to him from it. With the initiative she now attributed to Chad it all made a sense, and this sense—a light, a lead, was what had abruptly risen before him. He wanted, once more, to get off with these things; which was at last made easy, a servant having, for his assistance, on hearing voices in the hall, just come forward. All that Strether had made out was, while the man opened the door and impersonally waited, summed up in his last word. "I don't think, you know, Chad will tell me anything."

"No—perhaps not yet."

"And I won't as yet speak to him."

"Ah, that's as you'll think best. You must judge."

She had finally given him her hand, which he held a moment. "How *much* I have to judge!"

"Everything," said Mme. de Vionnet: a remark that was indeed—with the refined, disguised, suppressed passion of her face—what he most carried away.

XXIII.

So far as a direct approach was concerned Sarah had neglected him, for the week now about to end, with a civil consistency of chill that, giving him a higher idea of her social resource, threw him back on the general reflection that a woman could always be amazing. It indeed helped a little to console him that he felt sure she had for the same period also left Chad's curiosity hanging; though, on the other hand, for his personal relief, Chad could at least go through the various motions—and he made them extraordinarily numerous—of seeing she had a good time. There wasn't a motion on which, in her presence, poor Strether could so much as venture, and all he could do when he was out of it was to walk over for a talk with Maria. He walked over of course much less than usual, but he found a special compensation in a certain half hour during which, toward the close of a crowded, empty, expensive day, his several companions struck him as so disposed of as to give his manners a rest. He had been with them in the morning, and had called on the Pococks again in the afternoon; but their whole group, he then found, had dispersed after a fashion of which it would amuse Miss Gostrey to hear. He was sorry again, gratefully sorry she was

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so out of it—she who had really put him in; but she had always, fortunately, her appetite for news. The pure flame of the disinterested burned there, in her cave of treasures, like a lamp in a Byzantine vault. It was just now, as happened, that for so fine a sense as hers a near view would have begun to pay. Within three days, precisely, the situation on which he was to report had shown signs of an equilibrium; his look in at the hotel confirmed his judgment of that appearance. If the equilibrium might only prevail! Sarah was out with Waymarsh, Mamie was out with Chad, and Jim was out alone. Later on, indeed, he himself was booked to Jim; was to take him that evening to the Varieties—which Strether was careful to pronounce as Jim pronounced them.

Miss Gostrey drank it in. "What then to-night do the others do?"

"Well, it has been arranged. Waymarsh takes Sarah to dine at Bignon's."

She wondered. "And what do they do after? They can't come straight home."

"No—they can't come straight home—at least Sarah can't. It's their secret, but I think I've guessed it." Then as she waited: "The circus."

It made her stare a moment longer, then laugh almost to extravagance. "There's no one like you!"

"Like *me?*"—he only wanted to understand.

"Like all of you together—like all of *us:* Woollett, Milrose and Co. We're abysmal—but long may we wave! Mr. Newsome," she continued, "meanwhile takes Miss Pocock—?"

"Precisely—to the Français: to see what *you* took Waymarsh and me to, a family-bill."

"Ah then, may Mr. Chad enjoy it as *I* did!" But she saw so much in things. "Do they spend their evenings, your young people, like that, alone together?"

"Well—they're young people, but they're old friends."

"I see, I see. And do *they* dine—for a difference—at Brebant's?"

"Oh, where they dine is their secret too. But I've my idea that it will be, very quietly, at Chad's own place."

"She'll come to him there alone?"

They looked at each other a moment. "He has known her from a child. Besides," said Strether with emphasis, "Mamie's remarkable. She's splendid."

She hesitated. "Do you mean she expects to bring it off?"

"Getting hold of him?—No—I think not."

"She doesn't want him enough?—or doesn't believe in her power?" On which, as he said nothing, she continued: "She finds she doesn't care for him?"

"No—I think she finds she does. But that's what I mean by so describing her. It's *if* she does that she's splendid. But we'll see," he wound up, "where she comes out."

"You seem to show me sufficiently," Miss Gostrey laughed,

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"where she goes in! But is her childhood's friend," she asked, "permitting himself recklessly to flirt with her?"

"No—not that. Chad's also splendid. They're *all* splendid!" he declared with a sudden strange sound of wistfulness and envy. "They're at least happy."

"Happy?"—it appeared, with their various difficulties, to surprise her.

"Well—I seem to myself, among them, the only one who isn't."

She demurred. "With your constant tribute to the ideal?"

He had a laugh at his tribute to the ideal, but he explained, after a moment, his impression. "I mean they're living. They're rushing about. I've already had *my* rushing. I'm waiting."

"But aren't you," she asked by way of cheer, "waiting with *me*?"

He looked at her in all kindness. "Yes—if it weren't for that!"

"And you help *me* to wait," she said. "However," she went on, "I've really something for you that will help you to wait and which you shall have in a minute. Only there's something more I want from you first. I revel in Sarah."

"So do I. If it weren't," he again amusedly sighed, "for *that*—!"

"Well, you owe more to women than any man I ever saw. We do seem to keep you going. But Sarah, as I see her, must be great."

"She *is*"—Strether fully assented: "great! Whatever happens, she won't, with these unforgettable days, have lived in vain."

Miss Gostrey had a pause. "You mean she has fallen in love?"

"I mean she wonders if she hasn't—and it serves all her purpose."

"It has indeed," Maria laughed, "served women's purposes before!"

"Yes—for giving in. But I doubt if the idea—as an idea—has ever up to now answered so well for holding out. That's *her* tribute to the ideal—we each have our own. It's her romance—and it seems to me better, on the whole, than mine. To have it in Paris too," he explained—"on this classic ground, in this charged, infectious air, with so sudden an intensity: well, it's more than she expected. She has had in short to recognize the breaking out for her of a real affinity—and with everything to enhance the drama."

Miss Gostrey followed. "Jim, for instance?"

"Jim. Jim hugely enhances. Jim was made to enhance. And then Mrs. Waymarsh. It's the crowning touch—it supplies the color. He's positively separated."

"And she herself unfortunately isn't—that supplies the color too." Miss Gostrey was all there. But somehow—! "Is *he* in love?"

Strether looked at her a long time; then looked all about the room; then came a little nearer. "Will you never tell any one in the world as long as you live?"

"Never." It was charming.

"He thinks Sarah really is. But he has no fear," Strether hastened to add.

"Of her being affected by it?"

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"Of *his* being. He likes it, but he knows she can hold out. He's helping her, he's floating her over, by kindness."

Maria rather funnily considered it. "Floating her over in champagne? The kindness of dining her, nose to nose, at the hour when all Paris is crowding to profane delights, and in the—well, in the great temple, as one hears of it, of pleasure?"

"That's just *it*, for both of them," Strether insisted—"and all of a supreme innocence. The Parisian place, the feverish hour, the putting before her of a hundred francs' worth of food and drink, which they'll scarcely touch—all that's the dear man's own romance; the expensive kind, expensive in francs and centimes, in which he abounds. And the circus afterwards—which is cheaper, but which he'll find some means of making as dear as possible—that's also *his* tribute to the ideal. It does for him. He'll see her through. They won't talk of anything worse than you and me."

"Well, we're bad enough, perhaps, thank heaven," she laughed, "to upset them! Mr. Waymarsh, at any rate, is a hideous old coquette." And the next moment she had dropped everything for a different flight. "What you don't appear to know is that Jeanne de Vionnet has become engaged. She's to marry—it has been definitely arranged—young M. de Montbron."

He fairly blushed. "Then—if you know it—it's 'out'?"

"Don't I often know things that are *not* out? However," she said, "this will be out to-morrow. But I see I've counted too much on your possible ignorance; you've been before me, and I don't make you jump as I hoped."

He gave a gasp at her insight. "You never fail! I've *had* my jump. I had it when I first heard."

"Then, if you knew, why didn't you tell me as soon as you came in?"

"Because I had it from her as a thing not yet to be spoken of."

Miss Gostrey wondered. "From Mme. de Vionnet herself?"

"As a probability—not quite a certainty: a good cause in which Chad has been working. So I've waited."

"You need wait no longer," she returned. "It reached me yesterday—roundabout and accidental, but by a person who had had it from one of the young man's own people—as a thing quite settled. I was only keeping it for you."

"You thought Chad wouldn't have told me?"

She hesitated. "Well, if he hasn't—"

"He hasn't. And yet the thing appears to have been practically his doing. So there we are."

"There we are!" Maria candidly echoed.

"That's why I jumped. I jumped," he continued to explain, "because it means, this disposition of the daughter, that there's now nothing else: nothing else but him and the mother."

"Still—it simplifies."

"It simplifies"—he fully concurred. "But that's precisely where

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we are. It marks a stage in his relation. The act is his answer to Mrs. Newsome's demonstration."

"It tells," Maria asked, "the worst?"

"The worst."

"But is the worst what he wants Sarah to know?"

"He doesn't care for Sarah."

At which Miss Gostrey's eyebrows went up. "You mean she has already dished herself?"

Strether took a turn about; he had thought it out again and again before this, to the end; but the vista seemed each time longer. "He wants his good friend to know the best. I mean the measure of his attachment. She asked for a sign, and he thought of that one. There it is."

"A concession to her jealousy?"

Strether pulled up. "Yes—call it that. Make it lurid—for that makes my problem richer."

"Certainly, let us have it lurid—for I quite agree with you that we want none of our problems poor. But let us also have it clear. Can he, in the midst of such a preoccupation, or on the heels of it, have seriously cared for Jeanne?—cared, I mean, as a young man at liberty would have cared?"

Well, Strether had mastered it. "I think he can have thought it would be charming if he *could* care. It would be nicer."

"Nicer than being tied up to Marie?"

"Yes—than the discomfort of an attachment to a person he can never hope, short of a catastrophe, to marry. And he was quite right," said Strether. "It would certainly have been nicer. Even when a thing's already nice there mostly *is* some other thing that would have been nicer—or as to which we wonder if it wouldn't. But his question was all the same a dream. He *couldn't* care in that way. He *is* tied up to Marie. The relation is too special and has gone too far. It's the very basis, and his recent lively contribution toward establishing Jeanne in life has been his definite and final acknowledgment to Mme. de Vionnet that he has ceased squirming. I doubt meanwhile," he went on, "if Sarah has at all directly attacked him."

His companion brooded. "But won't he wish, for his own satisfaction, to make his ground good to her?"

"No—he'll leave it to me, he'll leave everything to me. I 'sort of' feel"—he worked it out—"that the whole thing will come upon me. Yes, I shall have every inch and every ounce of it. I shall be *used* for it—!" And Strether lost himself in the prospect. Then he fancifully expressed the issue. "To the last drop of my blood."

Maria, however, roundly protested. "Ah, you'll please keep a drop for *me*. *I* shall have a use for it!"—which she didn't, however, follow up. She had come back, the next moment, to another matter. "Mrs. Pocock, with her brother, is trusting only to her general charm?"

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"So it would seem."

"And the charm's not working?"

Well, Strether put it otherwise, "She's sounding the note of home—which is the very best thing she can do."

"The best for Mme. de Vionnet?"

"The best for home itself. The natural one; the right one."

"Right," Maria asked, "when it fails?"

Strether had a pause. "The difficulty is Jim. Jim's the note of home."

She debated. "Ah, not, surely, the note of Mrs. Newsome."

But he had it all. "The note of the home for which Mrs. Newsome wants him—the home of the business. Jim stands, with his little legs apart, at the door of *that* tent; and Jim *is*, frankly speaking, extremely awful."

Maria stared. "And you in, you poor thing, for your evening with him?"

"Oh, he's all right for *me!*" Strether laughed. "Any one's good enough for *me*. But Sarah shouldn't, all the same, have brought him. She doesn't appreciate him."

His friend was amused with this statement of it. "Doesn't know, you mean, how bad he is?"

Strether shook his head with decision. "Not really."

She hesitated. "Then doesn't Mrs. Newsome?"

It made him frankly do the same. "Well, no—since you ask me."

Maria rubbed it in. "Not really either?"

"Not at all. She rates him rather high." With which indeed, immediately, he took himself up. "Well, he *is* good too, in his way. It depends on what you want him for."

Miss Gostrey, however, wouldn't let it depend on anything—wouldn't have it, and wouldn't want him, at any price. "It suits my book," she said, "that he should be impossible; and it suits it still better," she more imaginatively added, "that Mrs. Newsome doesn't know he is."

Strether, in consequence, had to take it from her, but he fell back on something else. "I'll tell you who does really know."

"Mr. Waymarsh? Never!"

"Never indeed. I'm not *always* thinking of Mr. Waymarsh; in fact I find now I never am." Then he mentioned the person as if there were a good deal in it. "Mamie."

"His own sister?" Oddly enough, it but let her down. "What good will that do?"

"None perhaps. But there—as usual—we are!"

XXIV.

There they were yet again, accordingly, for two days more; when Strether, on being, at Mrs. Pocock's hotel, ushered into that lady's salon, found himself at first assuming a mistake on the part of the

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servant who had introduced him and retired. The occupants had not come in, for the room looked empty as only a room can look in Paris of a fine afternoon, when the faint murmur of the huge collective life, carried on out-of-doors, strays among scattered objects even as a summer air idles in a lonely garden. Our friend looked about and hesitated; observed, on the evidence of a table charged with purchases and other matters, that Sarah had become possessed —by no aid from *him*—of the last number of the salmon-colored *Revue;* noted further that Mamie appeared to have received a present of Fromentin's *"Maîtres d'Autrefois"* from Chad, who had written her name on the cover; and pulled up at the sight of a heavy letter addressed in a hand he knew. This letter, forwarded by a banker and arriving in Mrs. Pocock's absence, had been placed in evidence, and it drew from the fact of its being unopened a sudden queer power to intensify the reach of its author. It brought home to him the scale on which Mrs. Newsome—for she had been copious indeed this time—was writing to her daughter while she kept *him* in durance; and it had altogether such an effect upon him as made him for a few minutes stand still and breathe low. In his own room, at his own hotel, he had dozens of well-filled envelopes superscribed in that character; and there was actually something in the renewal of his interrupted vision of the character that played straight into the so frequent question of whether he were not already disinherited beyond appeal. It was such an assurance as the sharp downstrokes of her pen had not yet had occasion to give him; but they somehow, at the present crisis, hinted at a probable absoluteness in any decree of the writer. He looked at Sarah's name and address, in short, as if he had been looking hard into her mother's face, and then turned from it as if the face had declined to relax. But as it was, in a manner, as if Mrs. Newsome were thereby all the more, instead of the less, in the room, and were conscious, sharply and sorely conscious, of himself, so he felt both held and hushed, summoned to stay at least and take his punishment. By staying, accordingly, he took it—creeping softly and vaguely about and waiting for Sarah to come in. She *would* come in if he stayed long enough, and he had now more than ever the sense of her success in leaving him a prey to anxiety. It was not to be denied that she had had a happy instinct, from the point of view of Woollett, in placing him thus at the mercy of her own initiative. It was very well to try to say he didn't care—that she might break ground when she would, might never break it at all if she wouldn't, and that he had no confession whatever to wait upon her with: he breathed from day to day an air that damnably required clearing, and there were moments when he quite ached to precipitate that process. He couldn't doubt that, should she only oblige him by surprising him just as he then was, a clarifying scene of some sort would result from the concussion.

He humbly circulated, in this spirit, till he suddenly had a fresh arrest. Both the windows of the room stood open to the balcony,

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but it was only now that, in the glass of the leaf of one of them, folded back, he caught a reflection quickly recognized as the color of a lady's dress. Somebody had been then, all the while, on the balcony, and the person, whoever it might be, was so placed, between the windows, as to be hidden from him; while, on the other hand, the many sounds of the street had covered his own entrance and movements. If the person were Sarah he might on the spot therefore be served to his taste. He might lead her, by a move or two, up to the remedy for his vain tension; as to which, should he get nothing else from it, he would at least have the relief of pulling down the roof on their heads. There was fortunately no one at hand to observe—in respect to his valor—that even on this completed reasoning he still hung fire. He had been waiting for Mrs. Pocock and the sound of the oracle; but he had to gird himself afresh—which he did in the embrasure of the window, neither advancing nor retreating—before provoking the revelation. It was apparently for Sarah to come more into view; he was otherwise there at her service. She did, however, as meanwhile happened, come more into view; only she came, luckily, at the last minute, as a contradiction of Sarah. The occupant of the balcony was after all quite another person, a person presented, on a second look, by a charming back and a slight shift of her position, as beautiful, brilliant unconscious Mamie—Mamie alone at home, Mamie passing her time in her own innocent way, Mamie in short rather shabbily used, but Mamie absorbed, interested and interesting. With her arms on the balustrade and her attention dropped to the street, she allowed Strether to watch her, to consider several things, without her turning round.

But the oddity was that when he *had* so watched and considered he simply stepped back into the room without following up his advantage. He revolved there again for several minutes, quite as with something new to think of and as if the bearings of the possibility of Sarah had been superseded. For frankly, yes, it *had* bearings thus to find the girl in solitary possession. There was something in it that touched him to a point not to have been reckoned beforehand, something that softly, but quite pressingly, spoke to him, and that spoke the more each time he paused again at the edge of the balcony and saw her still unaware. Her companions were, plainly, scattered; Sarah would be off somewhere with Waymarsh and Chad off somewhere with Jim. Strether didn't at all mentally impute to Chad that he was with his 'good friend'; he gave him the benefit of supposing him involved in appearances that, had he had to describe them—for instance to Maria—he would have conveniently qualified as more subtle. It came to him indeed the next thing that there was perhaps almost an excess of refinement in having left Mamie, in such weather, up there alone; however she might in fact have extemporized, under the charm of the Rue de Rivoli, a little makeshift Paris of wonder and fancy. Our friend at any rate now

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recognized—and it was as if, at the recognition, Mrs. Newsome's fixed intensity had suddenly, with a deep, audible gasp, grown thin and vague—that, day after day, he had been conscious, in respect to his young lady, of something odd and ambiguous, but something into which he could at last read a meaning. It had been, at the most, this mystery, an obsession—oh, an obsession agreeable; and it had just now fallen into its place as at the touch of a spring. It had represented the possibility between them of some communication baffled by accident and delay—the possibility even of some relation as yet unacknowledged.

There was always their old relation, the fruit of the Woollett years; but that—and it was what was strangest—had nothing whatever in common with what was now in the air. As a child, as a "bud," and then again as a flower of expansion, Mamie had bloomed for him, freely, in the almost incessantly open doorways of home; where he remembered her as first very forward, as then very backward—for he had carried on at one period, in Mrs. Newsome's parlors (oh, Mrs. Newsome's phases, and his own!) a course of English Literature reinforced by exams and teas—and once more, finally, as very much in advance. But he had kept no great sense of points of contact; it not being in the nature of things at Woollett that the freshest of the buds should find herself in the same basket with the most withered of the winter apples. The child had given sharpness, above all, to his sense of the flight of time; it was but the day before yesterday that he had tripped up on her hoop, yet his experience of remarkable women—destined, it would seem, remarkably to grow—felt itself ready, this afternoon, quite braced itself, to include her. She had, in fine, more to say to him than he had ever dreamed the pretty girl of the moment *could* have; and the proof of the circumstance was that, visibly, unmistakably, she had been able to say it to no one else. It was something she could mention neither to her brother, to her sister-in-law, nor to Chad; though he could just imagine that, had she still been at home, she might have brought it out, as a supreme tribute to age, authority and attitude, for Mrs. Newsome. It was moreover something in which they all took an interest; the strength of their interest was in truth just the reason of her prudence. All this then, for five minutes, was vivid to Strether, and it put before him that, poor child, she had now but her prudence to amuse her. That, for a pretty girl in Paris, struck him, with a rush, as a sorry state; so that, under the impression, he went out to her with a step as hypocritically alert, he was well aware, as if he had just come into the room. She turned, with a start, at his voice; preoccupied with him though she might be, she was just a scrap disappointed. "Oh, I thought you were Mr. Bilham!"

The remark had been at first surprising and our friend's private thought, under the influence of it, temporarily blighted; yet we are able to add that he presently recovered his inward tone, and that

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many a fresh flower of fancy was to bloom in the same air. Little Bilham—since little Bilham was, somewhat incongruously, expected —appeared behindhand; a circumstance by which Strether was to profit. They came back into the room together, after a little, the couple on the balcony, and amid its crimson-and-gold elegance, with the others still absent, Strether passed forty minutes that he appraised even at the time as far, in the whole queer connection, from his idlest. Yes indeed, since he had the other day so agreed with Maria about the inspiration of the lurid, here was something for his problem that surely didn't make it shrink and that was floated in upon him as part of a sudden flood. He was doubtless not to know till afterwards, on turning them over in thought, of how many elements his impression was composed; but he none the less felt, as he sat with the charming girl, the signal growth of a confidence. For she *was* charming, when all was said—and none the less so for the visible habit and practice of freedom and fluency. She was charming, he was aware, in spite of the fact that if he hadn't found her so he would have found her something he should have been in peril of expressing as "funny." Yes, she was funny, wonderful Mamie, and without dreaming it; she was bland, she was bridal—with never, that he could make out as yet, a bridegroom to support it; she was handsome and portly and easy and chatty, soft and sweet and almost disconcertingly reassuring. She was dressed, if we might so far discriminate, less as a young lady than as an old one—had an old one been supposable to Strether as so committed to vanity; the complexities of her hair missed moreover also the looseness of youth; and she had a mature manner of bending a little, as to encourage and reward, while she held neatly together in front of her a pair of strikingly polished hands: the combination of all of which kept up, about her, the glamour of her "receiving," placed her again perpetually between the windows and within sound of the ice-cream plates, suggested the enumeration of all the names, all the Mr. Brookses and Mr. Snookses, gregarious specimens of a single type, she was happy to "meet."

But if all this was where she was funny, and if what was funnier than the rest was the contrast between her beautiful benevolent patronage—such a hint of the polysyllabic as might make her something of a bore toward middle age—and her rather flat little voice, the voice, naturally, unaffectedly yet, of a girl of fifteen; so Strether, none the less, at the end of ten minutes, felt in her a quiet dignity that pulled things bravely together. If quiet dignity, almost more than matronly, with voluminous, too voluminous clothes, was the effect she proposed to produce, that was an ideal one could like in her when once one had got into relation. The great thing now, for her visitor was that this was exactly what he had done; it made so extraordinary a mixture of the brief and crowded hour. It was the mark of a relation that he had begun so quickly to find himself sure she was, of all people, as might have been said, on the side and of

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the party of Mrs. Newsome's original ambassador. She was in *his* interest, and not in Sarah's; and some sign of that was precisely what he had been feeling in her, these last days, as imminent. Finally placed, in Paris, in immediate presence of the situation and of the hero of it—by whom Strether was incapable of meaning any one but Chad—she had accomplished, and really in a manner all unexpected to herself, a change of base; deep, still things had come to pass within her, and by the time she had grown sure of them Strether had become aware of the little drama. When she knew where she was, in short, he had made it out; and he made it out at present still better; though with never a direct word passing between them all the while on the subject of his own predicament. There had been at first, as he sat there with her, a moment during which he wondered if she meant to break ground in respect to his prime undertaking. That door stood so strangely ajar that he was half prepared to be conscious, at any juncture, of her having, of any one's having, quite bounced in. But, friendly, familiar, light of touch and happy of tact, she exquisitely stayed out; so that it was, for all the world, as if to show she could deal with him without being reduced to—well, to scarcely anything.

It fully came up for them then by means of their talking of everything *but* Chad, that Mamie, unlike Sarah, unlike Jim, knew perfectly what had become of him. It fully came up that she had taken to the last fraction of an inch the measure of the change in him, and that she wanted Strether to know what a secret she proposed to make of it. They talked most conveniently—as if they had had no chance yet—about Woollett; and that had virtually the effect of their keeping the secret more close. The hour took on for Strether, little by little, a queer, sad sweetness of savor; he had such a revulsion in Mamie's favor and on behalf of her social value as might have come from remorse at some early injustice; she made him, as under the breath of some vague western whiff, homesick and freshly restless; he could really, for the time, have fancied himself stranded with her, on a far shore, during an ominous calm, in a quaint community of shipwreck. Their little interview was like a picnic on a coral strand; they passed each other, with melancholy smiles and looks sufficiently allusive, such cupfuls of water as they had saved. Especially sharp in Strether, meanwhile, was the conviction that his companion really knew, as we have hinted, where she had come out. It was at a very particular place—only *that* she would never tell him; it would be above all what he should have to puzzle for himself. This was what he hoped for, because his interest in the girl wouldn't be complete without it. No more would the appreciation to which she was entitled—so assured was he that the more he saw of her process the more he should see of her pride. She saw, herself, everything; but she knew what she didn't want, and that it was that had helped her. What didn't she want?—there was a pleasure lost for her old friend in not yet knowing, as there would

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doubtless be a thrill in getting a glimpse. Gently and sociably she kept that dark to him, and it was as if she soothed and beguiled him in other ways to make up for it. She came out with her impression of Mme. de Vionnet—of whom she had "heard so much"; she came out with her impression of Jeanne, whom she had been "dying to see": she brought it out with a blandness by which her auditor was really stirred that she had been with Sarah early that very afternoon, and after dreadful delays caused by all sorts of things, to call in the Rue de Bellechasse.

At the sound of these names Strether almost blushed to feel that he couldn't have sounded them first—and yet couldn't, either, have justified his squeamishness; Mamie made them easy as he couldn't have begun to do, and yet it could only have cost her more than he should ever have had to spend. It was as friends of Chad's, friends special, distinguished, desirable, enviable, that she spoke of them, and she beautifully carried it off that much as she had heard of them —though she didn't say how or where, which was a touch of her own —she had found them beyond her supposition. She abounded in their praise, and after the manner of Woollett—which made the manner of Woollett a lovable thing again to Strether. He had never so felt the true inwardness of it as when his blooming companion pronounced the elder of the ladies of the Rue de Bellechasse too fascinating for words, and declared of the younger that she was perfectly ideal, a real little monster of charm. "Nothing," she said of Jeanne, "ought ever to happen to her—she's so awfully right as she is. Another touch will spoil her—so she oughtn't to *be* touched."

"Ah, but things, here in Paris," Strether observed, "do happen to little girls." And then, for the joke's and the occasion's sake: "Haven't you found that yourself?"

"That things happen—? Oh, I'm not a little girl. I'm a big battered, blowsy one: *I* don't care *what* happens."

Strether had a pause while he wondered if it mightn't happen that he should give her the pleasure of learning that he found her nicer than he had really dreamed—a pause that ended when he had said to himself that, so far as it at all mattered for her, she had in fact perhaps already made this out. He risked accordingly a different question—though conscious, as soon as he had spoken, that he seemed to place it in relation to her last speech. "But that Mlle. de Vionnet is to be married—I suppose you've heard of *that*."

For all, he then found, he need fear! "Dear, yes; the gentleman was there: M. de Montbron, whom Mme. de Vionnet presented to us."

"And was he nice?"

Mamie bloomed and bridled with her best reception manner. "Any man's nice when he's in love."

It made Strether laugh. "But is M. de Montbron in love—already—with *you?*"

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"Oh, that's not necessary—it's so much better he should be so with *her:* which, thank goodness, I lost no time in discovering for myself. He's perfectly gone—and I couldn't have borne it, for her, if he hadn't been. She's just too sweet."

Strether hesitated. "And through being in love too?"

On which, with a smile that struck him as wonderful, Mamie had a wonderful answer. "She doesn't know if she is or not."

It made him again laugh out. "Oh, but *you* do!"

She was willing to take it that way. "Oh yes, I know everything."

"Know that poor little Jeanne doesn't know what's the matter with her?"

It was as near as they came to saying that she was probably in love with Chad; but it was quite near enough for what Strether wanted; which was to be confirmed in his certitude that, whether in love or not, she appealed to something large and easy in the girl before him. Mamie would be fat, too fat, at thirty; but she would always be the person who, at the present sharp hour, had been disinterestedly tender. "If I see a little more of her—as I hope I shall—I think she'll like me enough (for she seemed to like me to-day), to want me to tell her."

"And *shall* you?"

"Perfectly. I shall tell her the matter with her is that she wants only too much to do right. To do right for her, naturally," said Mamie, "is to please."

"Her mother, do you mean?"

"Her mother first."

Strether waited. "And then?"

"Well, 'then'—Mr. Newsome."

There was something really grand for him in the serenity of this reference. "And last only M. de Montbron?"

"Last only"—she good-humoredly kept it up.

Strether considered. "So that every one, after all, then, will be suited?"

She had one of her few hesitations, but it was a question only of a moment; and it was her nearest approach to being explicit with him about what was between them. "I think I can speak for myself. *I* shall be."

It said indeed so much, told such a story of her being ready to help him, so committed to him that truth, in short, for such use as he might make of it toward those ends of his own with which, patiently and trustfully, she had nothing to do—it so fully achieved all this that he appeared to himself simply to meet it in its own spirit by the last frankness of admiration. Admiration was of itself almost accusatory, but nothing less would serve to show her how nearly he understood. He put out his hand for good-by with a "Splendid, splendid, splendid!" And he left her, with her splendor, still waiting for little Bilham.

To be Continued.

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